

The Listener

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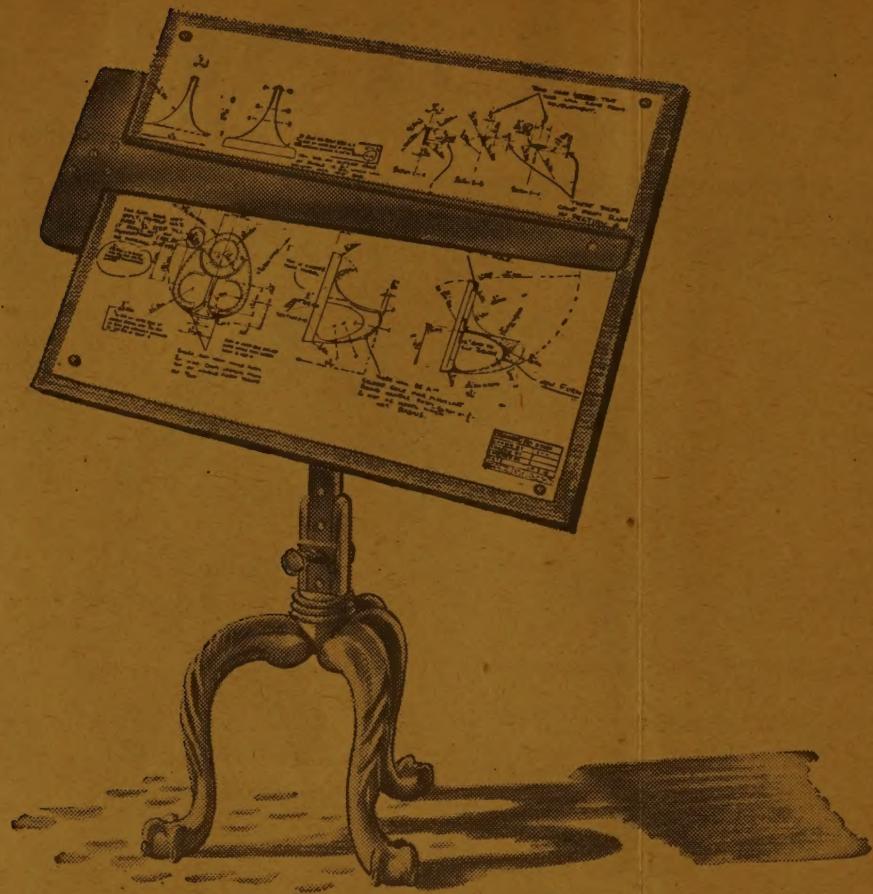
A merchant at the door of his house in the city of Tunis (see 'The French Ordeal in North Africa', page 273)

In this number:

T. E. Lawrence's 'The Mint' (E. M. Forster)

The Architect's Dilemma—I (Maxwell Fry)

What Makes a Good Historian? (Martin Wight)



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The Struggle for Power in Soviet Russia

By GEORGE BOLSOVER

HERE seems to be general agreement in comments from abroad that the present crisis in Russia is basically an internal crisis and has not been caused by foreign policy. But there is disagreement about the nature of this crisis. The view in London seems to be that the crisis is economic and is insoluble. Most of the other comments regard the crisis as a personal struggle for power with Khrushchev emerging as the dominant figure. To me the crisis is partly a personal struggle for power among the Soviet leaders and partly a result of differences over economic and social policy. Khrushchev is set on increasing supplies of agricultural produce of all kinds, particularly grain, and Malenkov's removal should enable him to push his agricultural policy with greater vigour than ever; Bulganin has promised him bigger supplies of agricultural machinery, which Malenkov seems to have been loath to give him.

This may be one of the reasons why Khrushchev has now come out for more emphasis on heavy industry, which was also advocated by those Soviet leaders who feel obliged to devote more resources to defence in view of the danger of west German rearmament. I myself agree with the commentators who think that the struggle for power in Moscow is not yet finally resolved, and should not say at this stage that Khrushchev has established his unchallenged supremacy.

Comment from abroad reveals important differences about the likely effects of the changes on Soviet foreign policy. Bonn and Berlin can find no indication that the Soviet Union will

now adopt a more intransigent attitude in foreign affairs. Rome believes that Khrushchev will replace Malenkov's soft policy by a tough policy. Paris thinks that Khrushchev will try to frighten the west with threats. But it sees no real change in relation to the question of war and peace. London also agrees that the danger of war has not become greater. But it forecasts frosts with storms over German rearmament. Washington is reasonably calm, either because the present turmoil will weaken Russia or because Zhukov, the new Soviet Defence Minister, is considered to be a moderate.

I fully agree myself that the danger of war has not become greater. I also agree with those who say that the Russians will talk tough. I certainly foresee frosts ahead, but in my opinion any storms which come will bring thunder without lightning. To some extent I also think, with Bonn and Berlin, that Russia's attitude is unlikely to become more intransigent. But to my mind, it has never become very visibly less intransigent unless fair words are to be regarded as the equivalent of conciliatory deeds. The differences in the assessment of personalities are interesting and not without significance. Dr. Adenauer is inclined to regard Khrushchev as a realist. London, on the other hand, thinks that he is ignorant about the outside world and that what little he knows about it, he dislikes. London also believes that he lacks caution, and regards this as dangerous. My own view of Khrushchev is more like that of London than that of Dr. Adenauer.

But we should not assume at this stage that Khrushchev is now in unchallenged control and in a position to determine policy

by himself. There are men around him with more caution and knowledge of the outside world, and I should think that they would be strong enough to restrain him if he tried to take the bit between his teeth.

Marshal Zhukov's appointment as Minister of Defence is regarded in London as representing an increase in the power of the

Army and as a disturbing factor. President Eisenhower, on the other hand, interprets Zhukov's appointment as a reassuring sign. I myself regard it as reassuring rather than disturbing. Zhukov is anything but an extremist, and he has enough popularity and power to be able to exercise a restraining influence on any hothead.

—Home Service

Will a New Dictator Emerge?

By WALTER KOLARZ

THE situation in the Soviet Union is beginning to resemble the classic Russian historical pattern. It has many of the characteristics of the 'Time of Troubles' which followed the death of Ivan the Terrible, and the 'Time of Favourites' which succeeded the powerful rule of Peter the Great. The current Soviet history textbook for secondary schools says that following the death of Peter the Great, 'insignificant, ill-educated and narrow-minded people' took his place and that favourites wrangled eternally with each other for power and influence.

There is never a complete parallel between two historical situations. The men struggling for power and influence today are not the ignorant courtiers of the eighteenth century, even if one of them, Georgii Maximilianovich Malenkov, has just publicly accused himself of incompetence and inexperience. And the Russia which Stalin left behind may soon become a place of even greater confusion than the Russia of the post-Petrine period. In the thirty-seven years after the death of Peter the Great there were five palace revolutions. In the two years which have elapsed since Stalin's death there have already been two modern-styled palace revolutions, the first leading to the liquidation of Beria and the second to the elimination of Malenkov. Now the whole world is asking when the third palace revolution will come about and what in general is going to happen in the Soviet Union. Has the policy of collective leadership any chance of being carried on or will a new dictator emerge?

If the choice were only between these two alternatives, then the coming to power of a new dictator would seem more likely in the long run than government by a whole group of people. The latter presupposes the existence of a strong team of equals in the Soviet hierarchy, but it is no longer a secret that the praesidium of the Soviet Communist Party is no such team. Indeed, with every month which has passed by since Stalin's death, the inequalities within the praesidium have become more apparent and the number of decisive policy-makers at the top level has been steadily dwindling. This is clear if you look at the membership of the party praesidium.

Immediately after Stalin's death, this body had ten full and four alternate members. Of these one full member, Beria, and two alternate members, Melnikov and Bagirov, were thrown out in the first stage of the struggle for power. So as far as we know there are now only nine full members and two alternate members left. Of these eleven, two must be discounted right away as unable to participate effectively in the direction of the Soviet State. One is Marshal Voroshilov, who is seventy-four years old and who in recent years has been reduced to a mere figurehead, and the other is Ponomarenko. This young and energetic communist official was posted a year ago as party secretary to Kazakhstan, and has therefore been unable to take an active share in national politics. His main task is now to make a success of Khrushchev's virgin soil campaign in the Kazakh steppe.

Of the other nine praesidium members Molotov is the most senior, but he has persistently refrained from interfering in internal affairs since Stalin's death, and concentrated entirely on the direction of Soviet diplomacy. Two other former key-figures, Malenkov

and Mikoyan, have lost both face and status during the present crisis. Even if they remain members of the party praesidium they may be reduced to the position of yes-men which most of the Politburo members occupied in Stalin's time. Then there are Mikhail Pervukhin, a Deputy Prime Minister, and Maxim Saburov, Chairman of the Planning Commission. It is generally believed that these two, who belong to the younger technical intelligentsia, owe their career to Malenkov. This, however, is unlikely to affect their future, for any new master may want to avail himself of their services since both are high-level experts, not leaders.

This leaves four more praesidium members—Khrushchev, the first party secretary; Marshal Bulganin, the new Prime Minister; Kaganovich, an enigmatic figure; and Shvernik, the trade union leader of whose position in the struggle for power we know next to nothing. It does not seem that a durable, effective 'collective' leadership can be based either on these four men or on any other combination which might arise in the praesidium. For the time being the influence of Khrushchev seems to be paramount. If Marshal Bulganin were a genuine army Marshal, he might be a match for the party secretary and a new Khrushchev-Bulganin duumvirate might then take the place of the defunct Khrushchev-Malenkov duumvirate. But Bulganin is a party man with the title of Marshal, and only the further course of events will show whether he will be forced by circumstances to become a genuine spokesman of the army.

Naturally it is by no means a foregone conclusion that the only choice for Soviet Russia is between a new dictator and the collective leadership of the party praesidium or what is left of it. At one stage the regime may be compelled by internal difficulties to widen the ruling strata and bring forward some hitherto unknown and uncompromised figures. This would probably lead to new chaos and confusion but might well be a first step in Russia's recovery.—European Service

NIKOLAI ALEKSANDROVICH BULGANIN, who has succeeded Malenkov as Prime Minister of the Soviet Union, is sixty. After Stalin's death he emerged as one of the top five who assumed supreme control of the Soviet Government. Together with Beria, Molotov, and Kaganovich, he became one of the three first Deputy Chairmen of the Council of Ministers. The elimination of Beria reduced the number of Deputy Prime Ministers to three. It may be said that Bulganin was nearly in the line of succession, for Molotov may have appeared ineligible for premiership because of advanced age, and Kaganovich because of his Jewish origin. In 1931 Bulganin became Chairman of the Moscow Soviet. In the second edition of the *Soviet Encyclopaedia* he is described as 'one of those Party and State leaders trained by Stalin, matured and tempered under his immediate direction'. He was appointed member of the Military Council of the Western Front when the Germans threatened Moscow. In 1942 he was given the rank of Lieutenant General and in 1944 was made a full General. In the same year he became Deputy Commissar of Defence and entered the Inner Cabinet in place of Voroshilov. When the war was over, Bulganin succeeded Stalin as Minister of the Armed Forces. Shortly afterwards he was awarded the title of Marshal of the Soviet Union. He was made a full member of the Politburo in 1948.—European Service.

The French Ordeal in North Africa

By J. H. HUIZINGA

ANYONE who follows political developments in France might well think that such quarrelsome individualists as the French can hardly be much good at empire building. But you only have to pay a short visit to North Africa to realise that the truth is very different. Look at Casablanca, for instance. The people who in only forty years—interrupted by two world wars—have built this gleaming, towering city, seem to have been animated by the same drive with which the Americans have developed their continent.

In fact, I was constantly reminded of the new world. It was not only the skyscrapers and the American cars—and even the juke boxes and the cafeterias; there was something in the air, a spirit of daring and doing, reminiscent of the transatlantic atmosphere. 'Our people here', a French diplomat said to me, 'may be pretty materialistic, but they've got a lot of push all right'; and it was that, too, which had struck an American colleague of his who told me that he himself often felt something of the spirit of his own country's pioneering days in French North Africa. 'But unfortunately for the French', he added, 'they, unlike our pioneers, are living in the twentieth century and they've got, so to speak, too many "Red Indians" to deal with'. That just about sums it up.

In fact, it is not too much to say that the French are faced with one of the toughest colonial problems any European power has ever had to solve. To see it in proportion, it may be a help to compare the size of the French problem in North Africa with that of the British in East Africa. Though the circumstances are different, both areas are what is known as 'white man's countries', in which Europeans can live and settle down. But the French stake in North Africa, measured by the number of their settlers there, is nearly sixty times greater than that of the British in East Africa.

Perhaps, though, you might think that the French have an easier way out of their difficulties than the British. For surely the Arabs of



Modern street scene in Casablanca, Morocco

North Africa are much more civilised than the Kikuyu in Kenya. Why, therefore, do the French not give them the voice in the Government they ask for? Unfortunately, it is not as simple as that. For the nationalists in a large part of North Africa are asking far more of the French than just a share in the running of their country. Offers of 'partnership' in government, whether on a fifty-fifty basis or any



Ploughing by camel in Tunisia

other, simply do not interest them. They demand nothing less than to have all power handed over to representatives of their own racial communities, while the French settlers are to be left out in the cold as a foreign minority without any political rights whatsoever. No wonder the French have found that difficult to accept.

For, at first sight, the nationalist demand seems indeed highly undemocratic and even racially vindictive. In law, however, they have a perfectly good case. In law, the French settlers in Tunisia and Morocco have no more right to complain than I have, a foreign national in Britain, at not having the right to vote here. For in Tunisia and Morocco the French really are foreigners. If they want to blame anyone for this the responsibility lies with their own ancestors. When they occupied the two countries, they concluded treaties with their respective rulers, the Bey of Tunisia and the Sultan of Morocco, in which they undertook merely to 'protect' their domains. That is to say, the independent statehood of the two countries remained unimpaired. And in consequence their native inhabitants did not become nationals of France any more than the Frenchmen who settled among them became nationals of Morocco or Tunisia. The French settlers may have felt that they did, they may have come to look upon these countries, where so many of them were born and where they have done such great work, as their home and fatherland. But that does not alter the fact that in law they remain foreigners.

As far as Tunisia is concerned, the French themselves no longer refute the nationalist view. They have abandoned all dreams of partner-

ship, or 'co-sovereignty', as they call it. That is why, some five months ago, a beginning could at last be made with negotiations for far-reaching reforms aiming at Tunisian home rule. The French agreed that the settlers' interests should find protection in some form of contract rather than in voting rights granted them under a constitution. In these circumstances the nationalists were happy to come to the conference table to try to work out such a contract or, as it is called, a set of conventions.

In Tunisia, therefore, the difficulties are being overcome, though it is impossible to say what will happen to the negotiations now that the government of M. Mendès-France has fallen. Moreover, the same problem is still keeping the two parties in a deadlock in Morocco. There are other reasons as well for the stalemate there. For one thing, the French consider—not without reason—that the Moroccans are not nearly so ready for self-government as the Tunisians. They have been under French rule only since 1912, whereas Tunisia has been a protectorate since 1881. And the Moroccans are also a much less united and homogeneous people. The Arabic-speaking bourgeoisie and the intelligentsia, who clamour for self-government, are at odds with the great feudal lords such as the Pasha of Marrakesh. These chieftains fear the loss of their privileges if the nationalists should take over. It is roughly the same sort of class division as has been seen in India between Congress and the Princes. And it runs more or less parallel with the religious and linguistic divisions that, in the past, have often set the sophisticated Moroccan cities against the primitive mountain folk of the countryside.

Yet the main reason for the Moroccan stalemate lies elsewhere. For, in spite of the internal dissensions there, the French have indeed tried to make a beginning with the transfer of power. To that end they proposed, soon after the war, a number of reforms aimed at creating representative institutions on all levels of government. For instance, democratically elected municipal and provincial councils were to be set up. Admittedly they were to have only limited powers. But you would think that, even so, the nationalists would have jumped at this chance to get

their foot into the door. In fact, they did the exact opposite and prevailed upon their highest leader, the Sultan, to refuse to countersign the French reforms. Why was this? It has often been pretended that they and the Sultan were typical oriental believers in theocracy and would, therefore, have nothing to do with democratic institutions. But that was not the real reason. They objected on the simple and clear ground that the proposed reforms introduced the principle of 'partnership'. Like the Tunisians, they would have nothing to do with schemes under which the French settlers, too, although foreigners on their soil, would be given the right to vote. And now that they have seen that Paris seems to have given up all attempts at 'partnership' in Tunisia, they are obviously going to be more uncompromising on this point than ever before.

Now I come to Algeria. What will be the fate of the nearly 1,000,000 Frenchmen there? In theory their position is much stronger. Algeria has been annexed and forms an integral part of France like any other of its provinces. In consequence, the settlers there are not foreigners in the land where they have struck root, but French nationals living in their own country. That is their legal status. But what is their position in actual fact? Not nearly so safe and comfortable. For laws can be changed and annexation or 'acts of union' can be undone. And already plenty of pressure is being brought to bear in this direction. There are 8,000,000 Moslems of Arab and Berber stock in Algeria. Already those among them who attach no value to the French citizenship which they were given in 1947 and do not want their country to remain a province of France have followed the Moroccan and Tunisian example and taken to direct action. There you have all the makings of an almost impossibly difficult problem. For none of

the alternative solutions that suggest themselves really seem feasible or effective.

Let me consider them briefly one by one. First of all, the Government can try to stamp out the rebellion. But what does that imply? Not only protracted and costly military operations in difficult terrain, but also political repression—that is to say, locking up everyone who advocates secession or even asks for home rule. That is in fact what is now being done. But the French Government itself fully realises that this is hardly enough to turn an insurgent province into a loyal one. It deals only with the symptoms of disaffection and not with its cause. So what more effective remedies can we find? The most drastic demanded by the more extreme elements, is obviously out of the question for the French. These Algerian nationalists, like their friends in Morocco and Tunisia, want a state of their own, perhaps allied to France, but in every other way independent and sovereign. That means secession, and would leave the French community in Algeria

in the same position as their fellow countrymen in Tunisia and Morocco. And that, M. Mendès-France said only recently, France would 'never' contemplate.

What, then, remains? In theory there are two possible ways of dealing with Algeria's discontent. One is to stop treating this adopted member of the French family as a stepchild and instead give it the same political and economic rights as everyone else. But that would mean that the French Welfare State would have to provide huge sums to supply the Algerians with the same wide range of benefits in the field of health education and social security, as are enjoyed by the metropolitan French, who, being about five times better off, contribute far more to the national exchequer. And in the political field it would mean that this Algerian province, which accounts for about one fifth of the total population of France, would have to be given a similar proportion of the seats in parliament, that is to say well over 100 instead of the thirty it has at present. What is more, in view of the fact that the Algerian Arabs outnumber the French settlers by eight to one, close to 100 of these

seats would have to represent Arab constituencies, which would almost certainly elect Arab deputies.

But can the French really be expected to consent to so great an influx of Arabs and Berbers into their family council? Or to the huge expense involved in extending to backward Algeria the educational and social security systems of metropolitan France? It seems hardly possible. And yet, failing such boundless generosity, the Algerian Arabs are bound to feel that they are being treated by France as second-rate citizens and hence grow more disaffected every day.

The other possible solution lies in decentralisation. Turn Algeria from a French province, which it is at present, into a largely autonomous state forming part of a French federal union. In that case the 100 or so deputies whom Algeria can claim on the strength of its numbers would deal only with such matters of general concern as are normally reserved for a federal parliament. Moreover, the inhabitants of an Algerian state enjoying home rule would no longer have much cause for claiming more social security benefits than they could pay for out of their own budget. It is along this line that French policy sometimes seems to be moving. But, even here, a great obstacle looms ahead. The Algerian Arabs will hardly be satisfied with home rule unless they obtain a share of local power proportionate to their numbers—that is, about eight times more seats in the local parliament than the French community. But at present the French still reserve half the seats in this parliament for themselves, and even more than half in the municipal councils. And the settlers would no doubt protest strongly if Paris ever asked them to give up this entrenched position. So no matter how one looks at it, in this central part of North Africa the French appear faced with a long-drawn-out ordeal.—*Home Service*



Letter-writer in a street in Algiers

Making Self-Government Work

The second of two talks by SIR IVOR JENNINGS on the Commonwealth

AS I explained in my first talk,* the most difficult problem in the development of colonial self-government is to bring about the transition in the last stage. The earlier stages differ from colony to colony, but they are comparatively simple. So long as the Governor retains control, the local people can be associated more and more closely with the government of their country.

There comes a point, however, at which they must be given a share of responsibility. Usually, the legislature is provided with an elected majority while the responsibility for executive government remains vested in the Governor. That is known as representative government. The problem is to convert representative government into responsible government. It is not just a question of finding politicians as able and as patriotic as those of the United Kingdom. These politicians have to be party leaders, and the party cannot be founded overnight, because leaders need followers who will follow. In Britain we have a highly complex party system, founded on the local or constituency party. The electors vote for the candidates of one or other of the great parties, produce a party majority in the House of Commons, and so give authority to a party Cabinet led by the party leader—the Prime Minister.

Growth through Experience

The relations between the Prime Minister and the Cabinet, between the Cabinet and the House of Commons, between the House of Commons and the people, are well understood, and can be studied in a book, but it is one thing to understand them and another thing to work them. In Britain they have grown through experience; they depend upon everybody, from Prime Minister to ordinary elector, fitting into his niche and doing the job that the Constitution expects of him. One can learn from the books how to play Beethoven, but it is a different matter to play Beethoven. So, one can learn from the books all about constitutional law, but it is a different matter to operate a constitution, a complicated network of relationships, based essentially on experience, as to be sewn together. That is the problem: how to acquire experience without causing the machinery of government to run down; or, perhaps, to run in reverse.

In theory the answer is simple; by establishing representative government we start the machine working in the constituencies and in the legislature. We then associate the local representatives with the process of administration but leave the responsibility in the Governor, so that the local politicians learn what problems have to be solved, what devices can be adopted to solve them, how the machinery of administration can be adapted to work out the solution. Gradually the politicians take more and more of the effective decisions, the Governor and his senior officials becoming advisers, until at the end of the process of development the Governor becomes a Governor-General, the representative of the Queen, helping and advising like the Queen herself. That is one theory, but it does not always work in practice.

It is commonly assumed that if we have a colony called Arcadia, there are people called Arcadians who want to be governed by Arcadians; but that idea is the product of a lengthy political evolution, and it may have no application to Arcadia. Even in politically developed Europe there are Scots who want to be governed by Scots, Roman Catholics who want to be governed by Roman Catholics, and linguistic groups which want to be governed by people speaking their own languages. As I mentioned in my first talk, most colonies are plural societies—they are composed of people of different social groups, perhaps based on race, religion, language, tribal organisation, educational development, and so on. If we think that the Arcadians ought to govern Arcadia, we must teach them to think of themselves as Arcadians. If we think of Great Britain as divided not only among English, Scots, and Welsh, but also among Cornishmen, Yorkshiremen, and men of Kent; Anglicans, nonconformists, and Roman Catholics; landlords and tenants, merchants and civil servants, and so on, we should probably develop some idea of a plural society. Politically the people of Great Britain are homogeneous; but

that homogeneity comes from a long history which Arcadia has not shared.

In Malaya, for instance, the idea of being Malayan is only now developing, because most people still think of themselves as Malays, Chinese, and Indians; while in Kenya the word 'Kenyan' is hardly used. Not only do people think of themselves as Europeans, Indians, and Africans, but also the Africans are divided into tribal units which have not yet developed the idea of Kenya nationality.

Problems of Communalism

This communalism, as it is called, creates a host of problems. It is almost impossible to form national parties like the Conservative, Labour, and Liberal Parties in Britain. It does not surprise us that Land's End and John o' Groats are represented by Conservatives; but we should think it very surprising indeed if the Chinese of Panang and the Malays of Kelantan voted for the same party. Can you expect the public services to be staffed by the ablest young men of Malaya or Kenya, without reference to race or religion? Suppose you have a Chinese Prime Minister, a Malay Minister of Education, an Indian Permanent Secretary, and a Ceylonese Chief Clerk, would they work together for the good of Malaya? If there is a Malay Minister of Education, will he do his best to develop primary, secondary, and university education through the medium of Chinese? If the Malays are interested in agriculture, the Chinese in industry, and the Europeans in tin and rubber, will they try to develop all three with equal energy and initiative? This communal problem lies at the root of colonial self-government, for without effective partnership efficient administration is impracticable.

Let us turn to a different problem. In most of the colonies nearly all the senior officials, judicial as well as administrative, are members of the Colonial Services. They have had the broad education given by the schools and universities of the United Kingdom. They share the traditions of the public services and the learned professions of the United Kingdom. They have acquired experience, and, if they are successful, wisdom, through service in other colonies. Their knowledge of the colonies in which they serve is not always profound, but in their files they have found the accumulated experience of half a century and more. In the last stages of development towards self-government they have to be replaced by local officials and professional men. The process of change is by no means easy, and in any case it takes a whole generation. An African graduate, like a European graduate, has to start his career at the bottom at the age of twenty-two or twenty-three, and work his way to the top—a process which takes at least twenty years. Moreover, he has to have had as good an education as the European whom he replaces, and so it is necessary to develop schools and universities, or at least to send good students abroad for their higher education.

Defective Home Environment

Even this is not all. The British official derives his education not merely from his school and his university but also from his home. Those who come from poor homes and proceed through our admirable scholarship system to Oxford and Cambridge soon realise that they have to make up, by wide reading and personal experience, for the weakness of their educational background. The Asian or African has had an even more defective home environment, even if he comes from a comparatively wealthy family. Those of us who have experience in Asia know how great is the difference between two students, of equal native ability, one of whom comes from an educated family and the other from a family near the poverty line. In Africa and the West Indies, few families can provide the educational background needed for the holding of responsible posts. The student may pass the same examinations as the European and achieve equally good results, and yet when he comes to do a job as District Officer he may find himself seriously handicapped. Exceptional cases apart, it takes two generations, and perhaps three, to produce a really efficient, locally staffed public service.

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The Listener

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International Service

In a talk we reproduce this week Mr. David Bleloch sets down his thoughts on the international civil servant, the kind of work he is called upon to do, the qualities required. The subject should be of wide interest when one considers the number of international organisations there are in existence (their alphabetical abbreviations provide material for the humorist) and the growing need there is for men and women to serve them. Whether anyone in their twenties today, contemplating such a career, entertains quite the same feelings as did his predecessor when the League of Nations was launched after the first world war may well be doubted. Those were the days of faith, idealism, and high hopes. To work for the League or the International Labour Office was to take part in a great experiment, hailed by many as the greatest experiment of the age in which they lived, perhaps of any age. Small wonder that the secretariats at Geneva were regarded, in Mr. Bleloch's phrase, as the mainspring of social and political progress; certainly, under the direction of Sir Eric Drummond (the late Lord Perth) and M. Albert Thomas, they enlisted the services of some of the most outstanding men and women of the time. Previous international organisations of one kind and another had had their devoted servants and adherents, and had done good work; but the League and all it stood for was man's first attempt to order the affairs of the modern world sanely and reasonably. It was a tall order and there were, to be sure, initial disadvantages. But taken all in all the experiment was felt to be overwhelmingly worth while; to be working for it was an inspiration.

Today? Well, things are different. The shortcomings of the League of Nations—or rather of the way the machinery of the League was operated by the member states—are clearly seen. In many departments of life faith has given place to disillusion. The iron curtain, only dimly visible in those days, has descended on the scene. Weapons of war are now capable of inflicting unimaginable destruction. Against a background such as this internationalism has lost the meaning it possessed in the thriving days of the League; and the atmosphere in which the international civil servant is called upon to work has been robbed of some of its erstwhile purities.

But if conditions have altered, the need remains, indeed has grown greater: the need, that is to say, for men and women who can, even though it be only through the eye of imagination, see beyond the miasma and fog engendered by conflicting ideologies, and who have faith enough to convince themselves and others that man can, if he so wills, make a reality of the 'one world' in which we are all living. To suggest that every international civil servant possesses such faith and imaginative insight would be disingenuous to the point of absurdity; they themselves would be the last, indeed would be embarrassed, to acknowledge such a claim, knowing, none better, that one of their first duties is to keep their feet firmly on the ground. But working in an international secretariat does mean—if we may take a glimpse of the obvious—working in a practical way with people of many nationalities. Few international servants, one fancies, would disagree with the proposition that there is nothing like working together towards some practical end for causing people to forget their differences and concentrate on getting the job done. In the international sphere there is plenty of this kind of work being done today—particularly in the field of human welfare—and it is no small service to the greater cause. Those engaged in it may well take encouragement. For they are helping to lay the foundations on which the great edifice of peace may eventually be built.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the changes in Moscow

ATTENTION HAS BEEN generally focused on the changes in Soviet leadership and in the direction of Soviet affairs. Soviet and satellite commentators, however, have been particularly reserved in their observations and have tended to confine their comments to the proceedings of the Supreme Soviet and to the implications of Mr. Molotov's speech on foreign affairs. Moscow radio, for instance, said:

The decisions adopted at the session of the Supreme Soviet have met with the warm and unanimous approval of the whole Soviet people. This finds its new vivid expression in the indestructible unity of the people, the Soviet Government, and the Communist Party, in the determination of the Soviet people to strengthen the might of our great motherland and to achieve new and further successes in the construction of communism.

Commenting on the actual change in the Presidency of the Soviet Council of Ministers, some east European speakers emphasised the contrast between the Soviet procedure and the politicians' struggle for power in the west. Prague Radio declared that 'the change took place in accordance with the regular procedure laid down by the Soviet Constitution' and 'was indicative of a truly superior political custom and civilisation', in contrast with Italy, where the rulers 'defend their positions ferociously'. Berlin radio also expatiated on the stability of the U.S.S.R. as contrasted with France, and suggested that many people in the west would welcome the Soviet method of 'candid criticism and self-criticism' if it would lead to 'the resignation of certain politicians who cannot hold a candle to Georgii Malenkov'. The commentator in Vienna's 'Russian Hour' claimed that the change in the U.S.S.R. had 'nothing to do with any internal struggle for power'. Marshal Bulganin's appointment, he went on to say, merely proved that the U.S.S.R. wanted a Government 'led by a man of strong personality who know how to deal with a potential deterioration in the international situation'. The Soviet Government, while continuing its efforts for a peaceful settlement of all controversial questions, was:

determined and prepared to meet the politicians of strength with at least equal strength, whenever and wherever this should become necessary. This, and this alone, is the significance of the developments in Moscow.

The Bucharest radio also used Mr. Molotov's speech to demonstrate that the Soviet Union was 'the invincible bastion of peace'. Claiming that the 'Soviet Union has over the U.S.A. such incontrovertible superiority that it threatens nobody', the Rumanian commentator said:

Any adventure connected with the launching of another war will inevitably end badly for the aggressors. World civilisation, no matter how much it suffers, will not perish, but the already putrid capitalist system founded on blood-soaked imperialism, will perish.

Radio Tirana, commenting on Mr. Molotov's speech, referred to it as 'a profound analysis', and added its own conclusion that:

the Soviet Union would fight to the end against attempts at fresh aggression, and that the western aggressive quarters would meet with a fate even more devastating than that of the Hitlerites if they dared put the strength of the Soviet Union to the test.

The situation in the Formosa area still continues to attract much comment, hinged on Mr. Chou En-lai's refusal to discuss the matter with the Security Council, and on the statements made recently by the British Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary in the House of Commons. One Chinese radio commentator declared that:

Chou En-lai's statement makes it clear to all sober-minded people that two issues are involved in the Taiwan situation. One is that it is an internal affair—the liberation of Taiwan by the Chinese people. The other is an international issue—the U.S.A.'s large-scale aggressive acts in the Taiwan area.

Another commentator made this statement:

The resolve of the Chinese people to liberate Formosa and the other islands off the China coast can never be shaken by the United States which has long lost its monopoly of atomic weapons. Yet stupid American warmongers still pin their hopes on such weapons.

As to the British Ministers' statements at Westminster, a German east zone commentator criticised Sir Anthony Eden for preaching moderation to the Chinese, but refraining from curbing the Americans:

What would Sir Anthony say if the Americans appeared in the Isle of Man and asserted that this island, with its tail-less cats, was part of America's defence line?

Did You Hear That?

A VALUABLE LOCAL SOCIETY

PROFESSOR JACK SIMMONS spoke in 'Midlands Miscellany' about the centenary of the Leicestershire Archaeological Society. 'The society', he said, 'was born in the middle of the black Crimean winter, on January 10, 1855. It is one of the oldest of the county societies that have done so much for local history in the Midlands.'

'Before 1914 the society was an affair of the professional classes, presided over by the resident nobility and the gentry. The clergy were always among its leaders; and that was as it should be, for it was the society's first object to build a body of well-informed opinion to promote the restoration and rebuilding of churches on what it thought to be the right lines.'

'From the outset the society ran excursions for its members. The first of them took place on September 11, 1855. The account of it reads like something out of a different world. "The carriages were soon out of the town", it begins, "rattling along the Groby turnpike" (not many carriages rattle today along its concrete bed, under the sodium lamps). They went first to Kirby Muxloe castle—picturesque and tumble-down then, and whiskered all over with ivy like a Victorian face—and so on to Ratby Camp and Groby, "where Mr. Breedon Everard received them with his usual old English hospitality, and provided refreshment in the arbour of his garden". At Newtown Linford they had some more food—"an ample board of cold meat, which furnished a most satisfactory luncheon" and fortified them, no doubt,

for the rest of the trip, to Ulverscroft and Rothley, and so back at six to the Bell at Leicester. With that modest little jaunt these excursions began. They have been a feature of the summer in Leicestershire ever since. Something of a military discipline used to be preserved on them. 'When they met at home, they had a pleasant custom of forming what they called a "temporary museum" for the occasion, stocked with objects of antiquarian interest in the possession of members. The private collector still flourished then (he could afford to): here was his chance to show his treasures off to his friends—if he were lucky, to excite their envy. And the record of what appeared in these "museums" is fascinating to us now. The collections were miscellaneous; that was their charm. A lock of Edward IV's hair, a camel's tooth found near Llandudno, cannon-balls from the trenches before Sebastopol—anything might turn up, so that to attend one of these meetings had all the excitement of taking a lucky dip in a bran-tub. Sometimes more important things were exhibited, not just curiosities. I should dearly like to know, for instance, what has become of the estate-book of the fourth Earl Ferrers (the one who was hanged in the eighteenth century for shooting his steward). It was shown to the society in 1901 and has totally disappeared since then.'

'The society has tried always to act as a watch-dog over Leicestershire's antiquities, protecting them wherever it can do so; and that function it still performs today. The record of the society's work is to be found in the thirty volumes of its *Transactions*. They include papers on many aspects of the county's history, from prehistoric times down to the nineteenth century; the latest volume—it appeared a few

weeks ago—opens with an account of some fifteenth-century glass at Launde, goes on to the cruck-framed buildings of the county, and ends up with the Leicester and Swannington Railway. The society may be 100 years old, but it still keeps much of the vigour and cheerfulness of youth'.

CYRENE REVISITED

COLIN JACKSON recently visited the ruins of Cyrene, and spoke about them in 'The Eye-witness'. 'The countryside between Barca and Derna', he said, 'part of the famous battlefields of the Eighth Army in North Africa, is mostly barren, rolling, scrub-covered countryside. A few small houses of Italian colonists, built before the war, are now decaying and occupied by poverty-stricken, backward Arabs. Here, I

thought as I drove along, is a real backwater of mankind. Yet as my car swung round the bend in the road, there down below me stretched the pillars, the terraces, and the extensive ruins of what once must have been a most beautiful city. I had arrived at Cyrene, the centre of a thriving Greco-Roman civilisation.'

'Cyrene was apparently first built by Greek settlers, 600 years before Christ. They chose the city's main site; a natural ledge in the mountainside, 2,000 feet up, looking out and over the plains and down to the sea below. They used springs in the area to water crops, and grew, as old stone tablets and tallies tell us, barley, wheat, grapes, and olives. And as they prospered they decorated their city. I saw in the museum there

the most beautiful and graceful Greek statues. Then, as the centuries rolled round, the Romans came and they, too, adorned Cyrene. Temples were rebuilt, market places set out, and graceful houses erected.'

'Cyrene was an important centre of civilisation in North Africa, even sending food overseas. It had a fine port, Apollonia, down by the sea just a few miles away. But late in the fourth century after Christ disaster struck the city and its civilised thousands. A great earthquake shook it and almost overnight Cyrene, with 1,000 years of history, was wiped out. The giant pillars, tons of masonry 100 feet high, lay toppled about like children's bricks.'

'Afterwards, for hundreds of years, a silence hung over the city. Barbarian hordes and marauding Arabs swept by. Its graceful buildings disappeared under a mass of bramble and bushes. The clumsy hands of Nomadic tribes pulled down any of the statues that still stood. Then, just about 100 years ago, two Britons, Captain Murdoch Smith and Commander Porcher, began to explore the lost city, and some of the marbles they discovered now rest in the British Museum. Today Cyrene's ruins stand out once again in all their glory. I walked round the great Temple of Apollo; went past the Greek market-place, and looked at the Roman Forum. I walked round the delicate colonnades and across the fine mosaic floors of the Roman baths, and, somehow, in the quiet of this deserted city, I could imagine the busy hum and chatter of the Roman citizens on that day before disaster came.'

'One last memory I have. I went past the Roman burial grounds built in the side of the hills, lower down than Cyrene itself. Arab



Ruins of Cyrene, once the centre of a thriving Greco-Roman civilisation

squatters had moved in—moved the bones out and made their homes there. Poor and backward people, they spend their days in this twentieth century in the shade of the skeleton of the great and civilised Cyrene of 1,500 years ago. And who, I thought as I drove away, dare say that progress was inevitable?

WHEN BIG BEN IS SILENT

'Early next year', said HARDIMAN SCOTT in 'Radio Newsreel', 'the voice of Big Ben will be silent. The four-hundredweight hammer which strikes the thirteen-and-a-half-ton bell, sending its deep homely voice over the streets of Westminster, indeed over the world, will be still. The two microphones mounted on a panel in the belfry will be dead. The socket in the Control Room of Broadcasting House which plugs Big Ben into the various services of the B.B.C. will be unused.'

He made his debut on radio on December 31, 1923, when the chimes rang out the New Year and the hour bell boomerang announced 1924. Big Ben became, one might say, a star overnight, as befitting the King of clocks. And that is the title he was given even before he was built. In 1844 parliament agreed that a suitable clock should be included in the new Houses of Parliament then being built by Charles Barry, and the Chief Lord of the Woods and Forests (today he is more prosaically called Minister of Works) promised what he called a King of clocks, the biggest and best in the world. The Astronomer Royal made his own disconcerting addition by declaring that it must be the Prince of time-keepers to tell the correct time to one second a day on the stroke of the hour bell, and to telegraph its performance to Greenwich twice a day. It is the largest public striking clock in the world and the most accurate.

It was not until five years later that Edmund Beckett Denison produced his design. Mr. E. J. Dent was commissioned to make the clock and it was finished in 1854. The great hour bell of sixteen tons was cracked in the Palace Yard before being put into position, and the present thirteen-and-a-half-ton bell was cast. But it was not until May 31, 1859, that Big Ben began to tell the time. His chimes, incidentally, are founded on Handel's aria: "I know that my Redeemer liveth". London had only been hearing these chimes for two months before the hour bell developed a slight crack. A lighter hammer was used and the bell turned round slightly so that the hammer struck on another part.

Roughly speaking, it is a giant grandfather clock, with a pendulum bob weighing 685 pounds. It is wound up electrically every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and it takes forty minutes to wind. Each of its four faces, nearly twenty-four feet across with figures two feet high and minute spaces a foot square, is made of 312 separate panes of glass which give it that look of a great cob-web, transparent with dew. There had been debates in parliament about what it should be called. The Chief Lord of the Woods and Forests, Sir Benjamin Hall, was a huge man, and a great word-spinner. With immense volubility he told the House to call it St. Stephen. At last Sir Ben sat down. As he did so a waggish Member yelled out, "Why not call him Big Ben and have done with it?" So the great clock of Westminster received the name by which he is affectionately known by people all over the world'.

JUNGLE MAIL

KENNETH MATTHEWS, B.B.C. special correspondent, recently described in the 'Eye-witness' how he flew with the 'jungle mail' in Brazil. 'The airstrips', he said, 'were just rough clearings in the jungle; no ground staff, not even a building. We plotted our course on maps which had the word "Unexplored" written all over them. We had to judge the weather for ourselves. Once we took off and immediately ran into

a solid, black wall of cloud and a firework display which stretched to the horizons. So we turned back and took shelter in the outpost from which we had come. That night the rain foamed in rivers past our hammocks, and next day the airstrip was a lake. But it dried quicker than any Test match pitch.'

'At one post we loaded an enormous oxygen cylinder, which needed re-charging. At another, the resident nurse asked us would we please fetch her paints and canvases, which she had left at our next stop. Once we picked up a Government doctor, weary and unshaven. He was full of news about the epidemics of measles and influenza which were decimating the Indian villages. When we dropped the doctor took aboard one of his patients, an eye case for the hospital.'

'We landed at one airstrip where for some time nobody appeared to greet us. Then, from far off down the forest path we saw some strange figures approaching. They were two Chavanti Indian chiefs who had come to ask for medical help and now wanted to be flown back to their village in the jungle. One of them was so excited running to board the plane that although the parcel in his hands burst open and scattered mangoes over the field, he would not stop to pick them up. They had travelled four days to that airstrip; they were flown home in minutes'.

A QUESTION OF ACCENT

'Being a "jumped-up-un"', said MIRAN ROBERTS in 'The Northcountryman', 'decided to get rid of my Lancashire accent which kept catching up with me at inconvenient moments. It must be killed; and I soon found a willing assassin in a teacher of elocution. She was charming, and took me under her wing at once.'

"A, E, I, O, U", she said encouragingly. "Aa, Ee, Aye, Awe, Ewe", I replied. "No, no, dear", she said, kindly, "not that way; in a more refined manner". "He, He, Hi, Ho, Hugh", I obliged. She avoided my eyes.

"Chee-eese", we said next, every mouth showing in a macabre grin. "Mowve", she remarked. "Mawve", I replied. "Mowve", she insisted. "Mawve", I snapped.

"Nellie, Nellie, Nellie, Nellie, Nellie, Milly, Milly, Milly, Milly, Milly", "Rround and rround the rrugged rrocks rraged rrascal rran". I felt witty; "After Nellie and Milly, I presoom?" She was not amused. "Tch, tch, tch, not 'presoom', presume, presume, presume", she hammered.

"Now, we will have a conversation, shall we?" she asked. "Righto", I said, brightly, "Owja do?" "N-n-n-n-n-no", she said. "How doh yoh doh?" "How doh yoh doh?"

Months went by; slowly and surely my Lancashire accent was departing this life. I felt more of a "jumped-up-un" than ever since I could now speak like one. On the last afternoon of the course my teacher proposed a poetry reading. She began:

A little cock-sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he chirruped and chirruped so happy was he.

I applauded, and it was my turn.

Thou'rt welcome little bonny brid,
But tha shouldn't a come just when tha did,
Times is bad . . .

'I warmed with enthusiasm, and said the poem through before I realised that my accent had risen up from its grave, flourishing like the green bay tree, and slapped me in the face. I looked at the teacher. "I am most awfully sorry", I said, in my new careful speech, "I have really intended to say Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are, but somehow my accent has beaten me".

'She was silent. She stared at me with glowing eyes. "By golly", she said, "that's a grand poem about bonny brid, its allus a favourite of mine".



The face of Big Ben

Henry Grant

'The Mint' by T. E. Lawrence

By E. M. FORSTER

I SAW a good deal of T. E. Lawrence while he was writing *The Mint**. He was not in the Air Force at the time—he had been driven out of it by a newspaper stunt and was hiding away amongst the Tanks instead—but he managed to get back there and on April 16, 1928, he wrote to me from Karachi, referring to 'some notes on life in the ranks . . . crude unsparing faithful stuff; very metallic and uncomfortable'. These notes turned into *The Mint*.

I read it in typescript. Letters passed between us and later on we talked, and later still, after his death, I was lent a copy of the privately printed edition. So I have been in and out of the book from its early days and in that way I am well qualified to talk about it.

In another way I am ill qualified. I know nothing whatsoever of the life it describes. I have known servicemen of course—at Lawrence's own retreat of Clouds Hill, for instance, where I met friends of his with whom I still keep in touch. But I have always known them off duty, I have never seen them at work, still less worked with them. I have never shared any of Lawrence's experiences, so I cannot interpret them except by guessing at them and I cannot check his statements. Is he telling the truth? He did not always, and he will always bewilder those excellent people who identify telling the truth and being true. True he was, but he loved fantasy and leg-pulling and covering up his own tracks, and he threw up a great deal of verbal dust, which bewilders the earnest researcher.

Why ever did he join up? Well may you ask. Why break off a brilliant career and plunge into the squalor of an R.A.F. depot when nobody wanted him to, when indeed a good many officials were inconvenienced by his insistence? Why exchange comfort and distinction for fatigues and the square? It was partly the desire to abase himself, to crash from the heights of commanding to the depths of obedience, it was partly the desire to hide, partly the itch for adventure. But believing him, as I do, to be true, I believe there was a deeper motive than these. He joined up because he wanted to get into touch with people, and felt he could only do this by doing the work they did, and by sharing their lives. He is very difficult to understand and probably did not understand himself, but throughout his complexities there is one constant quality—namely, compassion. It showed itself in little things, in ordinary kindnesses—such as I and most of his friends experienced. It showed itself also in the deeper, the literal sense, of the word compassion; in his desire to share experience with people and if necessary to suffer with them.

The Mint is a good book—better technically than the straddling *Seven Pillars*. It is soundly constructed: three sections which connect with one another to make a coherent whole. The first two sections deal with the Uxbridge depot, the third with the Cadet College at Cranwell in Lincolnshire, to which he was posted as an aircraftman. The atmosphere of the three sections varies but there is always the idea of training: one might paraphrase them as The Misery of not being trained; The Misery of being trained; and The Joy of having been trained. The conceptions of training and of loyalty dominate *The Mint*. *Per ardua ad astra*. Or as one of his own mates put it, 'Per ardua ad asbestos'. For loyalty changes its objective. At the depot it is the loyalty of the down-trodden trainees to one another, it is the fellowship of the Insulted

and Injured. In the third section it is loyalty to the air and to the R.A.F. whom he regards as its sole conqueror. I will try to think about this later on. Just now, whatever the ethical appropriateness here of training and of loyalty, we may agree that they bind the book together excellently and make it a well made book.

It is also a well written book. Lawrence's style, though slow-moving and mannered, can convey a great variety of actions and attitudes, scenery and scenes, to do which is a main function of style. He can do you a repartee, a rough house, a sprained ankle, a garbage bin, the slow passing across windows of the moon, troops in church, himself at Marlborough House, bird cries, bacon and eggs, and can capture for you one after another the impressions that have impinged upon his unusual mind. He only fails when he tries to examine the workings of the mind, when he becomes introspective or even merely philosophic. Then the slow motion of the style generates stickiness and its mannerisms crack into self-consciousness, and he conveys nothing to us except that he is a good deal worried, which we have already guessed. There are not many of these introspective passages in *The Mint*. If there were more, its compactness might suffer. It is made up of sixty-nine vivid, short chapters, each easy to read and all geared into the general scheme of training and of loyalty. It is the work of a man who had much to put across and knew how to put it.

Before I go further, I would like to emphasise that the general edition now on sale is almost exactly the same as the original privately printed edition of 1936. I did not think it would be. I thought there would be bowdlerising and cuts, especially in view of the book prosecutions which have been so prevalent lately. One scatological passage has been omitted, so have 'the coarse words automatic in barrack-room speech' (there are about half-a-dozen such words and nearly everyone knows what they are). And there are some slight textual variants, due to collation of manuscripts. That is all. Otherwise it is exactly the same as the original edition, and the editor, his brother (Professor A. W. Lawrence), and the publishers are to be congratulated on it. They have also issued a small unexpurgated edition for subscribers.

Now to tackle the Uxbridge depot. Here is a grim story. The misery experienced there, both before and during training, could have been avoided, he thinks. It was caused by the officers being too few and too aloof and the N.C.O.s being too numerous and too uncontrolled. Having too little to do, they fall upon the hapless recruits and put them through the mill, dealing out punishments and fatigues indiscriminately and sometimes reducing them to nervous pulp. A chapter about a garbage cart—to give it a bowdlerised name—passes belief, and even more fantastic are some sacks, full of grease and maggots, which the recruits have to boil up and get clean for the butcher, the result being a stinking soup which had to be thrown away, sacks and all. There's a morning's work for the Royal Air Force! And when they pass from the chaos of not being trained to the rigours of being trained, they encounter the same wastage and cynicism, plus physical distress: they encounter Stiffy, the drill adjutant, an ex-guardsman who is incapable of seeing anything beyond drill, punishments and drill. The portrait of Stiffy is delicately drawn and there is a clever turn at

the end of it when he makes an ingratiating speech to his victims as they are leaving and advertises himself not such a bad fellow after all: whereupon they despise him.

Professor Lawrence in his introduction says that his brother did not write *The Mint* as propaganda for alleviating recruits' hardships. It is clear, however, that he thought they should be alleviated and that unless they were alleviated R.A.F. morale would suffer. Here is the passage where he expresses this view.

They have put us into maudlin fear, to moral abasement. A little longer . . . and we're hospital cases. Five have slunk there already; or rather three have slunk and two decent lads were carried in.

I have been before at depots and have seen or overseen the training of many men, but this our treatment is rank cruelty. While my mouth is yet hot with it I want to record that some of those who day by day exercise their authority upon us, do it in the lust of cruelty. There is a glitter in their faces when we sob for breath . . . which betrays that we are being hurt not for our own good but to gratify a passion. Alone of the hut, I've energy at this moment to protest. . . . I am not frightened of our instructors, nor of their over-driving. To comprehend why we are their victims is to rise above them. Yet despite my background of achievement and understanding, despite my willingness . . . that the R.A.F. should bray me and remould me after its pattern: still I want to cry out that this our long-drawn punishing can subserve neither beauty nor use.

Breaking Down to Build Up

The R.A.F., like other organisations, evidently believed in breaking down individuals so that it might build them up again in more serviceable shapes: before the metal could be minted it had to be melted. If you want an extreme example of such breaking down and building up, read Orwell's 1984: there you get *The Mint* in excelsis. Whether the Uxbridge depot went too far in its breaking down process as Lawrence thought, whether depots today are different, I do not know, though some of you may. I will turn to the pleasanter side of his picture: to Hut 4, to the mutual loyalty of the recruits who were being broken. He shared a hut with fifty others who came from different places and classes. In three days all were friendly and (as he shrewdly observes) never became any friendlier. What they wanted from personal relationship was solidarity, mutual support against the over-harsh discipline of training, and as soon as they got it they felt safe. The N.C.O. in charge of the hut was decent, and when they were not too exhausted by P.T.—oh the noise they made:

The key of Hut 4 remains, laughter; the laughter of shallow water. Everywhere there is the noise of games, tricks, back chat, advices, helps, councils, confidences, complaints: and laughs behind the gravest of these. The noise is infernal. Our jazz band is very posh of its kind, because Madden leads it with his mandoline. He is supported by two coal-pans, the fire buckets, five tissued combs, two shovels, the stove doors, fire boiler lids and vocal incidents. The louder it is the louder they sing, the more they leap about their beds, strike half-arm balances, do hand-springs and neck-rolls, or wrestle doggily over the floors and iron-bound boxes. There's hardly a night without its mirthful accident of blood letting.

There is plenty of this gay and good tempered stuff in *The Mint*. Much of it is lively reading, 'Give him a gob of your toffology', they cry, when they want him to answer the sergeant back. And he gives it. And the sergeant is struck dumb.

Outside these contrary principles of the Square and the Hut, Discipline and Loyalty, stands Church Parade, professing to reconcile them and to represent the principle of Love. Lawrence watched its efforts with detachment. A bare, over-restored fourteenth-century church gave him convenient opportunities for reflection.

Worship seemed due from us on so sunny a morning. So perform I heard another unreal service and again its misapplication stung me, preached as it was over the serried ranks of those healthy irks I knew from the skins upward. Now they were alike—dressed and all singing 'The King of Love my Shepherd Is' with the voice and the pagan enjoyment of their everyday blasphemy. Nor did their minds see any contradiction between their worship and their life. Neither their clean words nor their dirty words had any significance. Words were like our boots, dirty on the fields, clean indoors; a daily convention, no index of the fellows' minds. They had not learned to speak. The blind padre was still labouring to draw a response from the dumb. The truckling humility of his general confession, his tremendous presence of *absolution*, jarred across the congregation—as stridently as would one of our oaths across a hushed church. Simply there was no contact between these worlds.

There is much else to discuss in the Uxbridge sections. But we must move in—as did he.

Here is a cheerful account of him as he leaves the depot and starts his journey to Cranwell.

At the station gate they threw on my shoulders (knocking my cap off) the kit bag of all my spare goods: only eighty more pounds. The train slowly convinced me that this military equipment was not designed for peace-time trains. I had become too wide to advance frontally through any carriage door. In each queue or press I jabbed the next man with a buckle in the mouth, or browned the next woman with my equipment's clay. The old lady next me in the Underground wore a flippant skirt, all doo-dahs. My scabbard chafe enlarged one of these. She rose up and went, more fretted even than the skirt. I bulged with relief into her extra space, but my water-bottle tilted nose-down on the arm-rest and filled the vacant seat with a secret lake.

The third section of *The Mint*—the one I have labelled 'The Joys of having been trained'—is a complete contrast to its predecessors and is intended to contrast. It shows the positive, idealistic side of the R.A.F., it celebrates its conquest of the air, and it is foreshadowed by a quaint barrack-room eulogy of Lord Trenchard. Pleasant, airy reading it makes; full of summer sun and Lincolnshire wind, and huge hangars where officers and men co-operate; full, too, of common sense and informality and service loyalty to a common cause, and the trustfulness of men who have all been trained and can consequently trust each other. There is no longer the split between loyalty and training that made Uxbridge so tragic and so fascinating. All is accord. At the end there is a thrilling set-piece in honour of speed: he on his motor-bicycle, his Boanerges, races a Bristol fighter, close above him in the air. The last words of all are: 'Everywhere a relationship: no loneliness any more'. Relationship is through the R.A.F. Not the relationship a civilian calls 'personal'.

I was never easy about this third section and sometimes discussed it with him. I told him that he might have been happy at Cranwell but he had not succeeded in communicating his happiness to me, that he had plunged me into a sort of comforting bathwater where I was contented and surprised but not convinced that I was being cleansed. I wanted something more detergent than bathwater after Hell. I also complained that he was being fair minded and had thought it his duty to emphasise the pleasanter side of the R.A.F. before laying down his pen. Against this he defended himself mildly. As regards happiness, we agreed that it is of all emotions the most difficult to convey, and that perhaps he had been happy although he had not said so.

Too Inskipid a Conclusion

Re-reading this third part today I still feel dissatisfied although it contains some brilliant chapters. It is too insipid a conclusion for such a serious work. Moreover, time has been unkind to it. The conquest of the air, for which he romantically yearned, has been all too thoroughly achieved. From sixty to seventy countries are now flying about in the stuff, and some of them own hydrogen bombs. Romance must look further afield than the air—or perhaps nearer at home in the unexplored tracts of the heart. And the eulogy of speed rings unacceptably when one thinks of the nature of his death. 'Per ardua ad asbestos'.

I sometimes speculate whether he will ever become a national hero. He has few of our national characteristics but that is no obstacle. He is no more alien to our stodginess than Nelson was to the stodgy court of George III. He nearly made the hero grade in the early 'twenties amid the splendours of his Arabian reputation, and again in the mid-'thirties after his dramatic death. Then oblivion and criticism thickened and now he is in the limelight again and once more the subject of a newspaper stunt. I do not expect the press will be further interested in him. That part is over. But he had mystery about him, and power and the power to inspire affection and to create legends, and there are moments when I see him, smiling rather wryly, in the British Valhalla, at the same time glad and not glad to be there.

—Third Programme

Among recent publications are: *The French Canadians 1760-1945*, by F. Mason Wade (Macmillan, 36s.); *Great Cities of the World, Their Government, Politics and Planning*, edited by W. A. Robson (Allen and Unwin, 63s.); *The Culture of France in Our Time*, edited by Julian Park (Oxford, 40s.); *The Great Inflation 1939-1951*, by A. J. Brown (Oxford, 30s.); *Voting in Democracies*, by Enid Lakeman and James D. Lambert (Faber, 25s.); *Amateur Astronomer's Handbook*, by J. B. Sidgwick (Faber, 63s.); *Philosophy and Analysis*, edited by Margaret Macdonald (Blackwell, 30s.); and *Kant's First Critique*, by H. W. Cassirer (Allen and Unwin's 'Muirhead Library of Philosophy', 30s.).

The Architect's Dilemma—I

MAXWELL FRY on the beginnings of modern architecture

THESE two talks that I am giving are concerned with the development of modern architecture to the point, which we have now reached, where mechanisation begins to bear strongly, and perhaps dangerously, on design. It is the moment for a revaluation.

I began working out my own solution of architecture twenty-five years ago. I worked as an apprentice in the New York office that produced Devonshire House, Piccadilly. And Devonshire House, when it came to be built, worried me. I saw the steel frame go up and then I saw an elaborately decorated mock-renaissance overcoat being fitted to it. I was shocked; and then it was apparent; and wrote articles in which, without realising it, I was giving expression to views on architecture that had already on the continent assumed the strength of a new architectural movement.

Then Wells Coates, whom I had last sight of for some years, came back from Paris full of the new ideas of functionalism; and, just as building was grinding itself to a standstill in the slump of the nineteen-thirties, a small group of us—Wells Coates, Charyeff, Lubetkin, F. R. S. Yorke and others—were working ourselves into a white-hot enthusiasm over the prospects of a new architecture that was to be entirely freed from subjection to any style; the only criteria were to be carefully analysed function, honestly expressed structure, and the demands of applied ergonomics.

Even at that time we knew that architecture could not be confined within so rigid a formula. But the problem was to break free from an older formula that had lost all meaning, and it seemed to us, and rightly so, that the essentials of renewal lay in adopting a structure arising from engineering, and clearly expressing, instead of hiding, its structural function; this was to go together with a revaluation of social needs.

In 1930, with no work in my office, I set to designing a block of working-class flats in reinforced concrete. It was based on a balanced cantilevered frame, and derived whatever merit it had from the clear expression of the tenants' wants in combination with what we felt was the structural function. This brought Elizabeth Denby and me into a close and

wonderful partnership of ideas from which came two blocks of working-class flats, in which the social programme was as rich and involved as possible. The flats had the first properly conceived balconies, and the first humanly planned kitchens; and, uniting the flats within each block, there were communal provisions for self-help and social government, such as a tenants' club and a fully developed nursery school.

I remember, now, the coke stoves in the living room. They were of brightly coloured enamel, and stood out in the room so that all the heat was used, and flowed into the bedrooms, which opened off the living room. You could dry clothes over them, or keep the 'old man's' dinner warm. They may not be so very scientific by modern standards, but they worked well, and still do.

So for me, at any rate, the social side of the thing was essential, and it gave such point to the appeals to science, with which it was inextricably mixed. For

we looked to science as the chief liberator: the scientific way of analysing each job as it presented itself, of distinguishing the functions governing the plan; the scientific view of structure as having its own rights, which we saw with new eyes; the science of health setting new values on sunshine, air, and growth. We were deeply wedded to science. We saw everything with new eyes; and through science we found beauty.

In 1934 we staged the first exhibition of modern architecture at Burlington House, in which we explained our ideas through photographs of our work, life-size models of interiors, and a gallery of modern materials and their uses. Godfrey Samuel bridged the necessary historical gap by the witty use of a phrase of Thomas Wootton the Elizabethan poet, in which architecture is defined as having three conditions: commodity, firmness, and delight. Commodity stood for functional use, for the satisfaction of social needs; firmness for functional structure—engineering and the products of industry to be used on their own terms and without disguise—and delight for the indefinable element of which architecture is ultimately composed, and about which we kept reasonably quiet. With these three we set out to change the world: and it seemed possible.



The Fagus factory at Alfeld an der Leine, designed in 1911 by Walter Gropius
From 'Walter Gropius' by S. Giedion (Architectural Press)



Highpoint II, Highgate, designed by Tecton, 1937-38
By courtesy of 'The Architectural Review'

Reinforced concrete was our chosen material, and there could have been nothing better. In our first flats and houses reinforced concrete made both the structure and the finish. It exhibited to a remarkable degree the articles of our faith: it was plastic; it was a moulded form with affinities with sculpture. By comparison with the staid Georgianism of the time it was free, lyrical, and sculpturesque, as exciting to the artists and sculptors as to ourselves. That was how Wells Coates conceived his early work. And how we all saw it; and rightly, because reinforced concrete was most open for us to use and it was in fact a form poured between wooden moulds, and very complicated ones at times. I am not saying that Walter Gropius saw it so narrowly. This is quite obvious if one looks at his early buildings: the Fagus factory built as long ago as 1911; the Bauhaus buildings of 1926. He was from the beginning deeply involved with the essential problems of industrialised building; and with the ideas of pre-fabrication. It was in 1931 that he designed the first package house. But that is how we saw it, and the type of job and the size of job we had to do enabled us to go on thinking so.

Looking back on that period I recall my obsessions concerning the proportions and rhythms appropriate to materials for which little had as yet been established. Metal windows, for instance, had been standardised by Lutyens for brick cottage building, and we needed bigger units for much larger windows to span the wider openings of our reinforced concrete structures. It took a long time before I could find a metal-window manufacturer sufficiently long-sighted and sympathetic to risk meeting my particular needs. Most other things we could get.

We were much concerned with technique, but our new requirements touched only a small part of the building industry, because our buildings were numerically few and individually small. Our chief difficulty was to find industrial products that satisfied our exacting standards of design, and for years I worked with the Design and Industry Association because the education of industry to a sense of its aesthetic responsibilities seemed essential to the evolution of modern architecture. Yet the Impington Village College that Walter Gropius and I built in 1934 involved nothing that a good old Cambridge firm of builders could not tackle. We used large plate-glass, sliding windows in the class-rooms. Our wide openings were spanned in steel; there was a feeling of interpenetrating space relating the exterior with the interior; and all our immaculate detail and finish brought out the quality of the materials; just as our fittings were selected for their virtues as industrial products. But in all other ways the work went forward according to ripe custom and without undue stress or hurry. The building helped to provoke a revolution in taste but it did not disturb the building industry.

Finding New Materials

What worried me a good deal more as time went on was how to find something richer and more satisfying than reinforced concrete; and not so much for the structure as for the finish. In two buildings completed just before the war I had used brick to give texture; rough, red brick, and shiny, blue-glazed tiles, set in contrast to a highly finished façade of sliding metal windows alternating with opaque, vitreous-glass panels, so that the two sets of surfaces—the metallic and the organic—should set up a lively conversation within the framework of the whole.

But the Tecton group, in their Finsbury Health Centre, had already moved forward to a type of construction in which the walls, instead of being built up on the site, were moulded in separate sections in a workshop and brought on to the site and fitted together. They anticipated present-day construction in this, and in the second block of flats on Highgate Hill, Highpoint II, they broke from the party line, as it were, in two respects. Instead of revealing on the outside the repeated function of the floors of the flats, which in the first block are prominently underlined by the balconies, they enclosed the façade within a strong frame and manipulated the repeating units so that they formed a pattern; and below, at the entrance, they indulged in a finely sculpturesque entrance canopy, below which they placed a caryatid female figure, of Grecian extraction, against a rough background of brick, as though to signify that richness, so hard to come by in the façade with its repeating elements, must come in somewhere. In later buildings they developed this idea, and in their flats at Finsbury it appears as a strong, geometrical pattern overruling the divisions of the flats and the horizontal lines of access balconies. It was, in fact, a marked departure from the accepted ideas of expressed function and was dubbed by its critics the New Formalism. It touches directly on the subject of my talk.

The modern building in the nineteen-thirties was a rare exception

where it is now more nearly the rule. Housing in this country based itself entirely upon garden-city tradition; and the climate in which individual houses were commissioned and built was reminiscent of security and privilege. The appearance of a modern house had capacity to shock that is now as nearly absent as the opportunity to build an individual house. The point that arises from all this is that to the war modern architecture, dealing with a variety of problems few of them on a large scale, never encountered the full force of industrialised technique, though it made constant appeals to it. It therefore preserved intact its attachment to the idea that its true development would come from a much greater degree of integration with industry not only by incorporating a greater proportion of industrial components in building, but adopting a greater measure of industrial method. This was every justification for the attitude in face of the pressing need to rebuild the centres of cities, as yet of course unblitzed, and the anticipated state of the building industry; for it must be remembered that modern architecture saw its real future in housing and the rebuilding of cities.

An International Congress on 'Habitat'

The first international congress of modern architecture in which English group participated had for its subject 'habitat'—the dwelling as a unit of planning and as a unit of industrial production; the means by which architecture, properly based in the twentieth century, could transform urban environment so that in place of congestion or slum regimentation there would be light, space, and green. The way Corbusier saw this was to build high-storey towers of dwellings, very much as the L.C.C. is doing at Wimbledon and Barnes today, freeing the ground for pedestrians and bringing back trees and grass in full spaciousness. The way the Germans actually carried it out at Siemenstadt, Frankfurt, and elsewhere was rather different. They built great terraces of flats, four or five storeys high, with a high degree of repetition of simple units, brought to order by skilful planning and humanised by balconies, the small intimate details, and the careful landscaping of the intervening spaces. They were at that time very much in command of their particular situation and achieved a balance between the economy of repetitive production and the rhythms and subsidiary interests, means of which monotony was checked and unity of conception preserved. I believe that these German buildings of the late nineteen-twenties will repay careful study for these virtues alone.

This pioneering work in Germany was not confined to the broad appeals of architecture. I need only remind you of Ernst May's famous Frankfort kitchen, which he standardised for his housing and which became a model for German industry. I would be interested to know how a man like Ernst May, who has been recalled from Kenya, where he has practised for years, to direct the new housing of Hamburg, relates to the new pressures today.

We had no such experiences in England. Housing continued to follow the garden-city model, even in the huge extensions to cities on which the bulk of our effort was based. Within the cities there were isolated blocks of flats that in only a very few instances broke from the tradition of brick building or gave more than a hint of industrialised technique. It is hard to believe how little touched we were by either continental or American practice; or that six years of war could transform our situation, and our attitude to mechanisation.

—Third Programme

Professor Nikolaus Pevsner, C.B.E., will give the Reith Lectures in autumn. His subject will be the Englishness of English Art and Architecture.

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A catalogue raisonné of sixty-eight Flemish paintings and drawings from the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries in a private collection at 56 Princes Gate has been published by Maggs Bros., Ltd., 50 Berkeley Square, W.1, and printed by the Sherval Press. The catalogue comprises a text volume by Count Antoine Geilern which includes some collotype illustrations of related pictures and drawings in other collections and a portfolio of 130 collotype plates, reproducing every painting and drawing described in the catalogue. The price of the catalogue, which is bound in buckram and boxed in a container, is 63s.

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The Councils and Education Press Limited has published a booklet on the topical subject *Comprehensive Schools Today* (price 3s. 6d.), an interim survey by Robin Pedley with five 'New Critical Essays', including 'An Opposition View' presented by Dr. Eric James, High Master of Manchester Grammar School.

What Makes a Good Historian?

By MARTIN WIGHT

LITERARY criticism is a highly organised body of theory for assessing drama, poetry, and the novel; I do not think there is anything quite the same for the branch of literature we call history. This is partly owing to a difficulty with the word 'criticism'. Literary criticism means the business of judging literature. Historical criticism means something different—the discipline of producing a certain kind of literature: the historian's testing of his sources, his detective activity. It is as if 'artistic criticism' meant what Rubens does with his sitter or Cézanne with his landscape rather than what Mr. Eric Newton or Sir Kenneth Clark does with Rubens and Cézanne. Since historical criticism means cross-examining the evidences of the past, therefore, we need another term, like historiographical criticism, to describe the principles for judging the historian's account of the past.

Durable Merits

The Dutch historian Huizinga once remarked that definitions of history defeat themselves when they emphasise its character as a science, because they exclude most of the great historians of the past; and he cited Herodotus, Gregory of Tours, Joinville, Villani, Michelet, and Macaulay. And it is clear that these historians are not discarded. They are classics; indeed, they are not infrequently read. There is high academic authority, moreover, for the view that the training of history students should include a familiarity with historical writings which have more durable merits than that of being up to date. What are these more durable merits?

Sir Keith Hancock discusses this question in the most interesting chapter of his reminiscences*. It is by no means a solemn book; rather, it is a discursive, informal, highly personal retrospect of his career by one of the most distinguished of living British historians. The tale of the historian learning and plying his trade in Australia, Oxford, Italy, Australia again, Birmingham, and war-time London culminates in this chapter where he states his historian's creed.

He first declared it some fifteen years ago in his greatest book, the *Survey of British Commonwealth Affairs*. There are 'three cardinal virtues', he said, 'which distinguish the great historian from the crowd of journeymen'; he names them attachment, justice, and span. Attachment is the opposite of detachment. Not impartiality or objectivity are the historian's initial task, but 'getting close to people, getting inside situations'. When he was writing his first book on the Risorgimento inuscany, he says, he found himself successively a partisan of every action: 'I was zealous in turn for the House of Austria, the House of Savoy, the Papacy, the Mazzinian people, and half a dozen brands of liberalism or democracy'. But this chameleon-like faculty of the historian sets up a tension, from which is born the virtue of justice or fairness, to redress the balance between different attachments. Justice is the cure for the perversion of attachment we call partisanship. After attachment and justice comes the third virtue, which Hancock calls span. This is 'an awareness of background: it places the object of immediate and intense study in its proper perspective with the other objects, near or distant, to which it is necessarily related'. 'Getting outside the situation is the opening movement; getting outside it is the concluding one'.

These principles of Hancock's could be stated more broadly, and related to other important points he makes, if it were said that we apply three critical concepts to historical writing: I shall call them historical imagination, historical architecture, and historical reflection. And let it be said at once that we presuppose historical criticism, technique of scholarship, mastery of the sources. The historians who survive have craftsmanship and something more, and it is this something more that we are trying to define.

By historical imagination I mean the deep inclination towards the past, a susceptibility both emotional and intellectual, which distinguishes the historian's vocation: the desire to enter the past, to understand it, to re-enact it. The historical imagination is the function of the historian as time-machine. It was described in a classic phrase by Michelet: The problem of historiography is the *resurrection* of life in its

entirety'. This approach to history appealed to the sensibility which we associate with the Romantic Movement, and the nineteenth century produced perhaps its greatest masterpieces, the writings of Carlyle in England, and of Michelet himself, the most concrete and picturesque of French historians.

The historical imagination attaches itself first to the concrete. It fastens upon physical relics and topographical associations, makes the historian study historical portraits and walk over a battlefield before he writes about it. Dr. Trevelyan's writings are rich with the sudden visual glimpses of the past that the historical imagination offers, as when we see Queen Anne, at a November midnight, standing in the windows of St. James's Palace to watch the ancient trees of the park being uprooted by the great gale of 1703, or the Sacheverell rioters being dispersed at last when 'the Horse Guards, on their plump, bob-tailed chargers' move in among them. Miss Wedgwood's new book on the Great Rebellion has the same quality.

Yet, a landscape or a building attaches the imagination to the externals of an event; events have also their insides, the purposes and passions which shaped them. The distinction was made by Maitland. Historians, said he, guard against anachronisms about costume, armour, architecture, but it is far more difficult to prevent the intrusion of untimely ideas. And history is the history of ideas, 'not merely what men have done and said, but what men have thought in bygone ages'. It has not, I think, been much noticed that Maitland, a working historian, anticipated the doctrine later developed by Collingwood, and put in the extreme form that the historian's job is nothing but the re-enactment of past thought. The re-enactment of past thought is the fruit of Hancock's quality of attachment, and the fulfilment of the historical imagination. Someone totally lacking in historical imagination, however much he tries to write history, will never be a historian—witness H. G. Wells. Someone with an overdeveloped historical imagination that is not controlled by other qualities will not make a good historian—witness Belloc.

Systematiser of the Past

My second critical concept is historical architecture. It is related to historical imagination as synthesis to analysis, or as extensive cultivation to intensive cultivation. It is the function of the historian as systematiser of the past: his function, to quote that vivid phrase of Schlegel, as 'backward-looking prophet'—and indeed, if he dares extrapolate his curves into the future, as forward-looking prophet too. While the historical imagination attaches itself to particular moments in the past, historical architecture comes from apprehending the passage of time. This was what inspired Gibbon, as he 'sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed fryars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter': not the historical imagination, nourishing itself upon the evocativeness of the Roman ruins, like the visions of Piranesi, but an exercise of mental span, at once less intense and more discursive, asking 'How did that lead to this?' Architecture of the mind, which Hancock calls 'span', is reflected in architecture of the composition. It has always been difficult to write about Herodotus or Gibbon or Stubbs' *Constitutional History* without using architectural and spatial metaphor. Sir John Myres, indeed, in his last book went farther than some could follow in trying to show that Herodotus gave his *Histories* a 'pedimental' structure resembling a Greek temple.

Span, says Hancock, puts the object of study in proper perspective with the other objects 'to which it is necessarily related'. But what is necessary relationship? What is the principle of extensive cultivation? Toynbee begins his *Study of History* with this question, and answers that there is an intelligible unit of time, an intelligible field of study, which he calls a civilisation. There is, however, another answer, which at present has a wider influence on historical writing. It springs from that same doctrine of Michelet, that historiography is 'the resurrection of life in its entirety', but it puts the emphasis, not on 'resurrection', but on 'life in its entirety', *la vie intégrale*. The contemporary French school of historians, led by Marc Bloch and Lucien Febvre, use

the word civilisation not like Toynbee, to mean the largest cultural groupings into which mankind is divided, but to mean a total social situation. In crude, class-room terms, Toynbee's use of the word overrides the chronological division of history into ancient, medieval, and modern, while Bloch's erases its subdivisions of political, economic, cultural, etc. 'Do you expect', says Bloch, 'really to know the great merchants of Renaissance Europe, vendors of cloth or spices, bankers of kings and the Emperor, by knowing their merchandise alone? Bear in mind that they were painted by Holbein, that they read Erasmus or Luther. To understand the attitude of the medieval vassal towards his seigneur you must inform yourself about his attitude towards his God as well.'

This is span, but it is lateral instead of longitudinal span, a cross-section instead of an elevation. And here we see the historian trying to resurrect not so much individuals as an entire society, which is not only a multiplicity of individuals but the product also of impersonal social forces, economic resources, and physical environment. To take a recent English example, the delight afforded by Mr. Southern's book *The Making of the Middle Ages* is largely due to architecture of this kind: it is a resurrection of Latin Christendom in the eleventh century, moving through concentric layers of social conditioning to lay bare at last the vital principle, in popular emotions and the spiritual life. But both these uses of the word civilisation provide us with only a provisionally satisfactory unit of extensive cultivation, only a provisionally intelligible field of study. The quality of span leads us towards the magnificent but impossible doctrine of Freeman that history must be studied as a whole; and at least one of the criteria by which we judge any considerable historical writer is his potentiality as a universal historian.

Both historical imagination and historical architecture at their best pass over into what I have called historical reflection. By this I mean, philosophical implication. With the philosophy of history most historians have small sympathy, whether it means programmes of providence and destiny on Hegelian lines, or the assertions of philosophers about the nature of historical knowledge. But the historian's fundamental beliefs about politics and man are necessarily implicit in his discussion of what he calls historical facts, and these beliefs give colour and texture to his picture of history. Historical reflection is the historian's function as interpreter.

Historical reflection can be seen at several levels. Hancock declares that historical writing needs theoretical coherence, but that it must be 'concealed theory'. Explicit theory is the business of the social scientist; but theory, as the American economist Jacob Viner has said, 'is always simpler than reality', and this reality, the complexity and contingency of human experience, is the historian's business. 'Concealed economic theory', says Hancock, was his motto when writing his book on *British War Economy*, and his masterpiece, the *Survey of British Commonwealth Affairs*, is reinforced by concealed political theory which makes it a contribution to political science in its own right. To take a more recent example, it is not difficult to see that Mr. Alan Taylor's new

book on nineteenth-century international history is firmly modelled about a theory of the balance of power.

But there is a perhaps deeper level, when the philosophical implication is not sufficiently coherent to deserve the name of theory, when it strikes us rather as a prevailing mood, or tone. In Professor Sykes' book, *The Roman Revolution*, his belief that it is more instructive to identify the agents and ministers of power than to trace legal theory pervades his account of Augustus Caesar's political system with sombre grandeur like the gleam of autumnal sunlight on the arms of marching men. Mr. Carr's *History of Soviet Russia*, which is the biggest attempt at large-scale narrative history in English today, has a similar quality. It is inspired by the belief that historiography's truth lies in the recognition of historical necessity; and even if it means a sacrifice of attachment, of justice towards the defeated side, it gives to his book its compelling tone. And it is surely mood which colours the mind longest after reading Tacitus, a mood derived from an assumption perhaps the very reverse of Mr. Carr's, which becomes explicit for a moment when Tacitus says he would be sickened by a record of tyranny, massacre, and subservience, if he were not able to discharge the historian's duty of commemorating the names of those who perished.

But we must be on our guard. Implicit theory can go rancid with the lapse of time, which is why Froude, and Carlyle's *Frederick*, even Macaulay's *History*, have fewer readers than once they did. The highest task of historiographical criticism would be to discriminate between the kind of historical reflection which is not itself subject to decay. It would be significant that there is only one historical writing which, whether designedly or not, is a concealed tragic drama, and this by common consent is the greatest history ever written. Professor Butterfield gives another pointer when he says that he does not know any modern historian with a mind of Shakespearean depth and scope save R. R. Palmer. In the end, perhaps, we find the common denominator between R. R. Palmer and Thucydides when we say something like this: that history-writing is the intellectual form in which civilisation renders account to itself of its past (the definition is Huizinga's) and that the best historical writing is that which is impregnated with the deepest reflections of the culture within which it is written.

The ways in which civilisation renders account of its past are unlimited. It is sometimes the impertinence of criticism, or of its modern offspring named methodology, to prescribe regulations instead of establishing canons. But criticism is the handmaid, not the supervisor, of creative art. Let me end by adapting an observation of G. M. Young's: 'Giotto and Gauguin confronted with the same object will make very different pictures, of which no one can say that one is truer than the other; and to impose historiographical rules on history is to fall into the error, or to commit the presumption, of saying that all Virgins must look like Piero's or that, if we were sufficiently enlightened, we should see all chairs as Van Gogh saw them. His is the way that Herodotus and Fra Paolo and Tocqueville and Maitland and all those people, saw things happening'—*Third Programme*

Pictures of Winter

Whips, river systems, hands of mandarins—
With trees on skies the inventive mood begins.

After the gallery's rich, vivid hoard
The still, grey river stabs me with its sword.

Behind the city the unmoving west
Burns smoky-orange like a robin's breast.

At four o'clock the living-room window frames
A faded photograph of roofs and flames.

Stepping outside the muffled house I freeze
Beneath calm, radiant immensities.

In the cold air the breath clouds of a horse
Fade, whiten, fed by two cones from their source.

Under my feet the snow cries out like mice,
Its feathers left behind compressed to ice.

Night, and the snow descending on the high
Branches now scarcely darker than the sky.

Décor of wolves and puppets, swans and dreams—
A snow-hung garden in a streetlamp's beams.

Closing the curtains, through the yellow light
I see a whiteness where it should be night.

The tangerine belies its glowing form,
But shivering bodies find each other warm.

Strange this new colour of the world I know;
Strange as my ginger cat upon the snow.

A general weeping from boughs still severe
Moves the heart with the turning hemisphere.

The puffed white blossom in the garden urn
Dissolves to earth that holds a queen's return.

I dig the soil and in its barren cold
Surprise a bulb-bomb fused with palest gold.

But still the knouts and veins divide the air,
Save for their swelling buds of sparrows, bare.

Who Was King Arthur?

By KENNETH JACKSON

WHOMO was King Arthur? We think perhaps of the man in late-medieval plate-armour portrayed by Tennyson. But was he ever a real living person? And if he was, what do we know about him? These are difficult questions, for lack of early and trustworthy evidence. There is no doubt that by the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries Arthur and his men were already a legend among the Welsh and Cornish. He had become a character of folk-lore, heroic leader of a band of extraordinary warriors, some of them with magic powers, who had strange adventures with monsters and giants.

For example, there is a fascinating story in Welsh, dating from the eleventh century in its present form, in which Arthur and his men help the hero win the hand of a giant's daughter by performing for him the difficult tasks set him by the giant—a well-known theme in fairy-tale. In carrying out one of these tasks, Cei and Bedwyr, the prototypes of Sir Kay and Sir Bedivere, ride to the Bristol Channel on the shoulders of a huge salmon to Gloucester, where they rescue a certain important prisoner. Again, one of Arthur's men saves some men from a grass fire, and in gratitude they collect the exact number of seeds of flax that the giant had demanded should be obtained in a single day; a peasant brings in the last seed just in time, at nightfall. Arthur himself obtains the blood of a Black Witch for the giant by hurling his knife at her and cutting her in two. Then, there is a Welsh poem of about the same date in which Arthur fights with a tribe of dog-headed men at Edinburgh, and Cei kills a destructive monster called Palug's at in Anglesey.

It was Welsh stories of this sort which must have been known to Geoffrey of Monmouth in the middle of the twelfth century, when he wrote his *History of the Kings of Britain*, in which Arthur became a Norman monarch with an army of mail-clad knights. Geoffrey was a man with a wonderful flair for what the public wanted, and what they wanted was stories of knightly heroism. A mine of such tales was available in the British legends of Arthur, and Geoffrey duly worked this mine and laid the foundations of the great medieval popularity of King Arthur, however different he became from the fairy-tale hero of the sources.

But all this is fancy, obviously so, and has nothing to do with sober history. Is there anything among our written sources for King Arthur before the time of Geoffrey which may be regarded as history? Very little, I am afraid. The oldest and in a way the most important witness, because contemporary, does not mention Arthur, though he gives some precious information on what seems to have been his greatest victory. This was a British monk called Gildas, who wrote a work *On the Ruin of Britain* very approximately about the year 540, really a sermon directed at his fellow-countrymen. He describes in windy and vague language the end of Roman Britain and the coming of the Anglo-Saxons, disasters which he ascribes to the sins of the Britons; and he castigates the vices of the kings of Wales and the west in terms which make one think he can hardly have been living in those parts himself, where the kings concerned could catch him. He speaks of the varying

fortunes of the strife between Britons and Saxons, up to 'the year of the siege of the Badonic Mount, almost the last and by no means a small slaughter of the criminals'. He then continues with some words about which scholars still wrangle; he seems to intend to say that the battle took place the year he was born, which was nearly forty-four years before. If so, the date would be roughly round 500. As we shall see, there is reason to think that the British general at the battle was Arthur himself, but unluckily Gildas did not think it necessary to mention this. If only he, who was Arthur's contemporary and might well have met him, had told us this it would have satisfied the most obstinate sceptic of Arthur's real existence.

For that matter, if only he had told us much else about the events of his own time, what a difference it would have made to our ignorance of this dark period in British history. If only he had given us even a sentence or two in the British language of his day. But no, he never thought of it; and as a result he would turn in his grave if he could hear some of the things historians have said about him for his negligence, both in print and under their breath—especially under their breath. At least, he does warrant that the battle of the hill of Badon was a real event, that it occurred about 500, and that it was a victory which gave the Britons peace from the attacks of the English for nearly half a century. Such a victory must have impressed itself deeply on the minds of the Britons, and one can understand how it was that Arthur became so famous a figure, if he really was the commander at this battle.

The next evidence in order of time is this. About the year 600, a poem called *Gododdin* was composed in Welsh, telling how the prince of Edinburgh sent a picked force of Britons against the English settlers of Northumbria, and how almost all were killed. This poem is vastly interesting in its own right—one has only to consider that it is the oldest dateable literary text in any European language outside Latin and Greek—but its importance



A sixteenth-century conception of King Arthur: bronze statue by Peter Vischer of Nuremberg in the Hofkirche at Innsbruck

at the moment is the fact that it mentions Arthur, and is the first source to do so. It compares a certain warrior to Arthur for deeds of valour. Since this was composed about sixty or seventy years after Arthur's time, by one who might easily have talked with people who knew Arthur, it is an invaluable piece of evidence for his real existence, if it is not a later interpolation into the poem. Then, there is the peculiar fact that although the name Arthur was an exceedingly rare one among the Celtic peoples at all periods, no fewer than four and perhaps five chiefs or important men are known to have been baptised by that name in the Celtic areas of the British Isles in the late sixth and early seventh centuries, a far greater concentration than at any other time. This outburst of popularity has been plausibly held to witness the existence of some great figure called Arthur in the preceding period, after whom they were called. We can easily see how this might be, when we compare the crop of Shirleys and Marlenes which has appeared since the thirties of this century in consequence of the popularity of certain heroines of a somewhat different character.

The first and fullest historical information on Arthur is given by Nennius. Nennius was a Welsh monk living at the beginning of the ninth century, who wrote in Latin an extraordinary book called *The History of the Britons*, a strange medley of Latin pseudo-historical learning, Welsh legend, and Irish fantasy, with a little genuine British history, some of which was derived from a lost northern document of the seventh century. Nennius devotes a paragraph to Arthur. He tells how the first Anglo-Saxon invaders of Britain extended themselves under Hengist; and how, after the death of Hengist, the British general Arthur and the kings of the Britons fought with Hengist's successors and defeated them in twelve victories, the names of which he gives as follows: first, at the mouth of a river Glein; second, third, fourth, and fifth, on a river Dubglas in a region of Linnuis; sixth, on a river Bassas; seventh, in the wood of Celidon; eighth, at a fortress called Guinnion, where Arthur bore the figure of the Virgin on his shoulders; ninth, at the city of the Legion; tenth, on a river-strand called Tribruit; eleventh, at a Mount Agned; twelfth, at Mount Badon, where, says Nennius:

there fell in one day nine hundred and sixty men under the sole attack of Arthur, and no one laid them low but he himself.

'Annals of Wales'

Before I say more about this important passage, I must mention another which has a close bearing on it. An early document second only to Nennius in value with regard to Arthur is the *Annals of Wales*. This Latin chronicle was edited in its present form in the middle of the tenth century, but one of its sources was a lost northern history of the eighth century which itself used seventh-century material, so that both here and in Nennius we seem to get back to a seventh-century date. Under the year 516 it says:

... the battle of Badon, in which Arthur bore the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ three days and three nights on his shoulders, and the Britons were victorious;

and under 537:

The battle of Camlann, in which Arthur and Medrawd fell.

The fact of a battle of Mount Badon, guaranteed by the contemporary Gildas, is therefore corroborated by two other early sources independently of him, Nennius and the *Annals of Wales*; and these two agree that the British leader there was Arthur. We do not know how the *Annals of Wales* calculated these dates, and the authority of Gildas must be far greater, so that 516 may be too late by at least ten or fifteen years. Still, the two are close enough, considering the remoteness of the period. Nothing else is known about the battle of Camlann until the much later popular legends, when it has become a fight between Arthur and his treacherous nephew Modred. The variations in the story told by Nennius about Arthur bearing the image of the Virgin at Guinnion and by the *Annals of Wales* that it was the Cross at Badon suggest that they derive independently from some common source which became rather garbled. It need not be regarded as spurious, for most of the Britons in Arthur's day were Christians, and they despised and hated the English as heathens. Between them, Nennius and the *Annals of Wales* tell us almost all we know of the genuine historical Arthur.

To return to the story in Nennius; where on earth are these places? Much ink has been spilt in the attempt to answer that, and many extravagant theories proposed. Scholars have suggested identifications for them all the way from Sussex to Scotland, but the plain fact is that most of them are unidentifiable. The only ones which are at all likely are these. The Glein might be the river Glen in Northumberland, or that in Lincolnshire. The region of Linnuis is quite possibly Lindsey in Lincolnshire, though no river Douglas is known there. The wood of Celidon is familiar in Welsh legend, and is clearly somewhere in Scotland; it was known even to classical historians as *Silva Caledoniae*. The city of the Legion is almost certainly Chester. The Camlann of Arthur's last fight has been ingeniously and perhaps plausibly identified with the Roman fort of *Camboglanna* on Hadrian's Wall. Badon itself must have been somewhere in southern England, though whether the site is Badbury Hill in Berkshire, Badbury in Wiltshire, or Badbury Rings in Dorset, or some other, cannot be decided.

One or two of these possible or probable names seem to belong to northern Britain, and by forced or fanciful identifications of the others with northern sites, and by treating the midland city of Chester as being in the north, a theory has been built up that Arthur himself belonged to the north of Britain. In fact, the only name which certainly

comes from there is the wood of Celidon, and this was such a famous place in Welsh legend that it is quite likely a late substitute for some other name which had become forgotten. Anyway, the distribution of the probably or possibly identifiable names is a very queer one for a British leader fighting the English in the late fifth century, when the latter had really penetrated no farther west and north than perhaps the line drawn roughly from York to Oxford and Portsmouth. What were they doing in Scotland or at Chester?

A Suspicious List

This list of battles is full of suspicious features. For one thing, where did Nennius get it? The general nature of his work shows that he was not the man to have invented it all himself, and so he got it somewhere. Did he know a tradition that Arthur won twelve victories without knowing any of their names but Badon, or at least only some of the others? And if so, did he fill the gap with the names of other notable battles regardless of who had fought them or when? For example, there really was a famous battle at Chester between the British and English, though it was a century later than Arthur's time and was a British defeat. The four consecutive battles supposed to have been fought on a river Douglas do not carry conviction, and it looks as if Nennius' supply of battle names, or his imagination, gave out.

Various theories have been proposed, but the most probable origin of the list seems to me to be as follows. There are extant some very early Welsh poems in praise of British chiefs in which the heroes' victories are listed by name, often with a few details about the circumstances. The general character of these poems suggests that they are the work not of contemporaries but of later poets—one might almost say antiquarians—concerned to sing the praises of heroes of the past, doubtless for the edification of their descendants. I suggest that some British poet of, say, the seventh century, a hundred years or so after Arthur's death, composed such a poem in his praise, using traditional material handed on orally, and that the information which reached him contained the fact that he won twelve victories including the battle of Mount Badon and perhaps some other names. Very likely it was the poet himself who filled in the missing names in the way already suggested. Nennius might have done. Eventually Nennius extracted the list, and made it part of his Latin *History of the Britons*. This is the most probable way for such an early tradition of this type to have been handed on. The story told by Nennius and the *Annals of Wales* about Arthur bearing a holy image at one of the battles is just the kind of thing which might have come from a poem of praise, and the reference to his having himself killed 960 men is a typical poetic way of saying that he did great deeds.

Popular Hero

It looks as if we might fairly accept one or two possibilities. There may have been a great leader of the Britons called Arthur, who won a number of victories—traditionally twelve—over the Anglo-Saxons in the end of the fifth century. The last one, which seems to have stopped further expansion for half a century, was probably fought at some unknown hill in southern England called Badon, but whether any of the other names can be taken on trust is doubtful. Some historians have tried to show that Arthur was a military official of a kind of sub-Roman government of Britain, but the arguments in support of this, though attractive, are too imaginative to be probable. There is no satisfactory reason to think he belonged especially to the north, certainly not exclusively so. He may have been killed, perhaps in a civil conflict, in the first half of the sixth century; he was still remembered at the end of the century when princes were named after him and heroes compared to him in song; his deeds were told in Welsh traditional verse, and eventually found their way into the historical material written up by Nennius and the compiler of the first edition of the *Annals of Wales*, both in the ninth century.

In the meantime, as so often happens, this popular hero had become a figure of folk tradition, attracting to him a mass of Welsh legend and fairy-tale, which was adopted at last by Geoffrey of Monmouth and the French romancers, and so found its way to Malory and the Idylls of the King.—Third Programme

On Being an International Civil Servant

By DAVID BLELLOCH

PEOPLE who work, as I have done and still do, for the United Nations or for one of those alphabetical 'specialised agencies'—the I.L.O., U.N.E.S.C.O., W.H.O., F.A.O., and so on—when we are asked to state our profession usually put ourselves down as 'international civil servant'. That is what, in fact, we are; but every time I call myself an international civil servant I wonder whether people will not either find the term meaningless, or else imagine, wrongly, that I am doing exactly the same kind of work, on an international scale, as our national civil servants are doing here at home.

Differences between the International and National Official

To start with, there is a big difference between the actual work of the international civil servant and that of the national official. Those who have read Mr. Evelyn Waugh's amusing novel, *Decline and Fall*, will remember the fantastic description of a young League of Nations official who runs round Europe tracking down cases of white slave traffic. In fact, international officials do not do jobs of that kind. There are a considerable number of people engaged in technical work; but what they are doing, for the most part, is to collect and supply and publish information. A few may perhaps occasionally do technical work in the field, but their work is liable to be advisory rather than direct. And, apart from this technical work, there are a great many people in administrative and secretarial work, occupied with organising meetings and conferences and in doing the follow-up work arising from the decisions taken at the meetings.

So, in any international service, you have a number of technicians—economists, statisticians, actuaries, doctors, lawyers, and so on; a number of others working in organisation and internal administration, and a number of translators and interpreters. In Geneva before the war they used to tell a story of a visitor who came to the secretariat of the League of Nations during one of the conferences and noticed what a number of people seemed to be working for that particular conference. 'Do they keep a man here all the year round?' he asked. In 1955, I do not think I need to say that the United Nations and the specialised agencies have to keep a number of men and women at work all the year round. But what I started to point out is that, generally speaking, these 'all the year round' officials are not doing the kind of direct practical work that the vast majority of our national civil servants are doing—like running Employment Exchanges or Post Offices, collecting Inland Revenue, inspecting factories or administering the Health Service. They are, on the whole, preparing the data on which action can be taken, rather than acting themselves.

One great difference between the international and national civil services, therefore, lies in the work itself, but a second and even more striking difference lies in the nature of their 'masters'—the political bodies they are responsible to, and which supervise and control them. The national civil servant, after all, takes his orders from a political chief who is a member of a permanent body, the government, which is, in turn, responsible to the nation for shaping and executing policy. You might say that a national civil service is, strictly speaking, a secretariat—an executive service. I do not mean that a national civil servant is relieved from using his own judgement and initiative: in fact, as a Royal Commission pointed out some fifteen years ago, 'it is the traditional duty of civil servants . . . to make available to their political chiefs all the information and experience at their disposal . . . irrespective of whether the advice may accord or not with the Minister's initial view'. All the same, the national civil servant must always remember that he is the servant of a government which is alone responsible for policy and which in fact must always be supposed to have a policy, even if it is only a negative one.

The position of the international civil servant is much less simple. He is not responsible to any single permanent authority with a definite policy. His 'master' is a collection of bodies whose members are constantly changing and who represent scores of different sovereign national authorities. They are not, generally speaking, even in permanent session. I remember that on one occasion before the war, when

I was working at the I.L.O., the phrase 'a body of loose material' appeared in some Convention dealing with the loading and unloading of ships. The Japanese Government put its own interpretation on these words and the International Conference adopted a decision that appeared to censure the Japanese Government for its interpretation. The Japanese delegate came to me and reproached me personally about it. I said that the Conference was a sovereign body and I could not influence its decision. 'The Conference', he snorted, 'a body of loose material!' I did think this ejaculation described rather aptly the kind of bodies I was responsible to as an international civil servant. On the other hand he, as a Japanese civil servant, was working for a government that knew exactly what it wanted and was anything but a 'body of loose material'.

The conclusion I draw about all this may seem rather shocking to anyone who has not thought a good deal about it. I think myself that an international civil service which is responsible to 'a body of loose material' cannot do its work successfully if it behaves as if it were simply a secretariat. Perhaps I take this view because I spent my first twelve years as an international civil servant under the direction and inspiration of a most remarkable man, the late Albert Thomas, the first director of the International Labour Office, who had been Minister of Munitions in France during the first world war. You might describe him as 'dynamic'—but it would be as inadequate an adjective for his personality as it would be in the case of Sir Winston Churchill's. To serve under him was an unforgettable experience. He never for a moment tried to usurp the authority of the international bodies to which he was responsible. On the other hand he never forgot that you invite almost certain failure if you convene an international meeting without supplying it with a well-thought-out basis of discussion beforehand. I remember how often, when he was presented with a paper prepared for an international meeting by one of his services, he would exclaim 'This is all very well; the facts are there and clearly analysed but what is the conclusion? The Office must always have a positive proposal to lay before any meeting that it calls. It doesn't matter if its proposals are modified or rejected later on—but the meeting will get nowhere if you don't give it something to bite on'.

Thomas was always conscious that the I.L.O. had been created to work for a cause—the cause of social justice everywhere in the world—and if we who worked in it did not believe in that cause we might just as well get out. He would never allow us for a moment to regard ourselves or the Office as neutral or impartial. In fact, he gave us the tradition that an international civil service should be regarded as a mainspring of social and political progress rather than as a neutral impersonal secretariat.

Three Necessary Qualities

But if this is true of an international civil service, what qualities—apart from the obvious quality of technical competence—should an international civil servant have? It is easy enough to define them in the abstract, but it is often difficult to be clear about them in individual cases. First, and most obviously, your international official needs to be something of a linguist. A second quality that an international civil servant needs much more than most national officials is capacity for committee work. Most of the effective work of the international organisations is done through committees, and, believe me, they need careful and expert handling. Thirdly, he must, of course, be absolutely loyal to the international body he is working for. Members of the staff of the I.L.O. had to sign the following declaration:

I solemnly undertake to exercise in all loyalty, discretion and conscience the functions that have been entrusted to me as an official of the International Labour Office, to discharge my functions and regulate my conduct with the interests of the International Labour Organisation alone in view, and not to seek or receive instructions from any government or other authority external to the International Labour Office.

Obviously, such an oath is desirable. But, all the same, the chiefs of the international agencies often have to exercise great discretion and

discrimination in exacting compliance with it. Take the case of a small country which has just one of its nationals on the staff of an international body. That man's main job will inevitably be to maintain contact and liaison with his country, and if he does not play ball with his government he simply will not be able to do his job properly as an international official. 'Play ball' is liable, of course, to mean different things in different cases.

Again, we should all agree that international civil servants, like national civil servants (in our own country, at least), should be politically impartial; but that does not mean that they should be politically neutral or politically indifferent. The very existence of any international body is in itself the embodiment of a controversial political principle, and there is no place in an international civil service for people who do not believe, and believe ardently, that the body they have to serve ought to exist and that the work entrusted to it ought to be done.

Lastly, all international civil servants whose duties are not of a more or less routine character must to some extent be diplomats. A man may be a brilliant technician; but unless he can forget his nationality, his class, his colour, his creed, in the performance of his duties, he will probably do more harm than good. Any international organisation is a china shop, and there is no place in it for bulls. Long before the war a small country was trying to apply one of our international conventions—it dealt with the use of white lead in painting. It was my job at that time to follow up the enforcement of such conventions. I found that, as the result of a rather absurd mistranslation of the text of our convention, the government in question was allowing an exemption in the case of women and young persons employed in spinning and weaving. Spinning and weaving seemed wildly irrelevant to any question of white lead, and I thought it natural to draft a letter to the government politely calling their attention to this mistake. When I sent up my draft for approval to my chief he called me in. 'Have you no imagination?' he said. 'Don't you realise that if you send this letter you will be publicly making a fool of the

translator, and that he is probably the one man in the whole of Ruritania (or wherever it was) who is interested in our work and can be useful to us? The thing to do is to go and talk to the permanent representative of Ruritania in Geneva, explain the mistake to him, and ask him discreetly to get it put straight. But don't for heaven's sake write a letter to the government that could damage the reputation of our best friend among its officials'.

I have never myself for a moment regretted having spent most of my active adult life as an international civil servant. It was intense, interesting work, and often involved great responsibility. Looking back I sometimes shudder to think how I wrote things and did things that could affect the lives of millions of human beings in different parts of the world—and I often wonder if I was too light-hearted about it. I can only hope that I was more often right than wrong.

I am sometimes asked if it was not difficult to work with people of so many different nationalities. On the contrary, it was extraordinarily easy. How much I learned from them, and what a good crowd they were! It is seldom the case that the work of an international civil service is hampered by lack of harmony and understanding because its officials are of different nationalities. I do not believe that any of my former colleagues would deny that we possessed a harmony and mutual understanding at least as great as that in any national civil service. It is not that you become de-nationalised. You cannot become de-nationalised any more than a Yorkshireman can cease to be a Yorkshireman or a Scot a Scot. In fact, that is perhaps in the end the main disadvantage of an international civil servant's life. Through thick and thin, and however many corners he may get rubbed off, he remains a citizen of his own country; yet at the close of his career he finds he has become terribly uprooted. He knows where he belongs, but his friends at home have been dispersed and, when he returns and tries rather pathetically to find his feet again in the country where he was born, almost everybody has forgotten him and the years abroad have broken all the links with his past. But, all in all, it is well worth it.—*Home Service*

Church and State—II

Is There a Church Militant?

By CHRISTOPHER MORRIS

CHRISTIAN teaching on social and political matters has always oscillated between two texts. One is St. Paul's—'The Powers that Be are ordained of God'. The other is St. Peter's—'We ought to obey God rather than men'. What I want to argue here is that, for the most part, the Churches have been giving to St. Paul rather more than his due and to St. Peter rather less. I want to suggest that normally a Church which is not at loggerheads with the State is betraying its trust and simply not doing its stuff. What else, it seems to me, do we have an organised, institutional Church for, unless it reminds us that we have another king besides Caesar, that we do not live by bread alone?

It has not escaped my notice that men are sinful and need authority and coercion to keep them in order, that anarchy is a possible thing and could be an unpleasant thing. And the Church is therefore right to respect the secular order. But I know, too, that power corrupts and that governors and governments can also sin. In fact, it is doubtful whether any man is really good enough to govern. I admit, too, that most men are lost without traditions and customs, and that to tamper with these may be to uproot and bewilder people. But I also know that traditions and customs are often bad. Torture was a custom and slavery a tradition. I am afraid that it seems to me not altogether creditable to the Churches that it took them some 1,900 years to persuade Christian nations to get rid of slavery.

'Good' and 'bad' are not now fashionable words. We are always being told by clever people how impossible it is to get agreement on moral issues. We think the Spaniards cruel to bulls and the Spaniards think us cruel to foxes. True enough. But the interesting thing is that both parties agree that there is such a thing as cruelty and that it is not a good thing. Again, we are always being confronted with borderline cases. Had we the right, we are asked, to condemn the Germans for having concentration camps, when we knew that a particularly well-run

concentration camp might have been no worse to live in than a particularly inhumane English prison? Quite so. But we knew well enough that most concentration camps were not humanely run. Borderline cases always exist, but the argument from them is a bad argument if it is used to distract our attention from cases that are perfectly obvious and plain. There are horses, there are donkeys, and there are also mules. But we need not infer that last year's Derby winner may possibly, for all we know, have not really been a horse.

My point is that there are blatant, self-evident evils, and that, when he meets them, it is the Christian's duty—and, I think, the Christian Church's duty—to denounce them and not to sit on the fence. Let me plunge into deep water and take the problem of racial relations in South Africa and in the Southern States. We all know that the problem is not simple, that it looks different on the spot from what it looks from a distance. It is also arguable that it might not be right or wise for the Churches to declare open political warfare on the State over such an issue. Nevertheless, it does seem self-evident to me that racial segregation is not Christian, and I must confess that I have been shocked to learn that at some religious services, both in South Africa and in certain American States, Whites and Negroes are made to sit apart. It might be bad manners, bad politics, and bad morals for me to spit in the face of a man I know to be wicked when I met him in the street. But need I go out of my way to ask him to dine with my own family, especially by not doing so there is an outside chance of making him feel a little shamefaced? It may require courage not to ask him. He may even beat me up for not doing it. But, if he does, I at once become a martyr and my battle will be more than half won.

Obviously there is no easy answer. We shall not always find agreement, as we have seen, over what is moral and what is Christian. In the very case I have been considering, the Dutch Reformed Church in South Africa insists that racial segregation is a Christian thing. But the un-

of torture by the Inquisition was also called a Christian thing; and we know now that it was wrong, or at the very least that it would be wrong to use it now.

Then there is the real danger of self-righteousness, and the danger of using religion or morality as a cloak for party spirit. But one can only say that if Wilberforce and Clarkson, or John Howard and Elizabeth Fry, or Lord Shaftesbury and Richard Oastler had been afraid of appearing self-righteous, presumably there would still be Negro slaves, the prisons might have remained unreformed, and children might still be working in the factories and mines.

Dangers of a Church Political Party

There is also the danger, if the Churches go into politics, of forming a church political party. The danger would be the greater if the church party actually won, because power corrupts and because the Church, once in power, might be tempted to persecute. And there are dangers of a subtler kind in the Church's playing politics. The churchmen might so easily do as the politicians do. They might abandon principle for expediency and adopt all kinds of subterfuge and compromise. We have seen this happen in the case of the Roman Church, which was willing to denounce the anti-semitism of Hitler's anti-Catholic Government, but made no protest against the anti-semitism of Poland's pre-war Catholic rulers.

Alternatively, the churchmen might be bad at politics. They might be too innocent. They might be had for suckers. One can only say that this is not necessarily so. The greatest statesmen of medieval Europe were churchmen. Nor does moral integrity inevitably go hand in hand with political ineptitude. Lincoln was not inept. Nor was Mahatma Gandhi, perhaps the subtlest, shrewdest, most successful politician of this century. We do not always realise how effective in politics moral force can still be. Even the most cynical of dictators still try to prove themselves morally in the right; and it is, in some ways, a reassuring thing that propaganda designed to do this should be thought a useful adjunct to a secret police.

We are often told that moral, Christian protest against evil is best left to individual Christians acting on their own, like the Reverend Michael Scott or Father Trevor Huddleston; that the Church cannot and should not give any official lead. But is not this to shirk the issue? What is a Church for, if it cannot provide leadership, if it does not act as a sounding-board for the consciences of Christian men? By himself, the individual may be a voice crying in the wilderness. He may be a mere *franc tireur*. But the Church can, if it chooses, make him part of an organised and disciplined army. And if he marches alongside his fellow Christians he will be more effective. If he can be given the opportunity to sing in chorus, his voice will not sound so still and small. And what would the Church lose if it did take the lead, except some pretty marginal or nominal members whose allegiance may be hardly worth the keeping?

Of course the Churches neither have nor should have any monopoly of moral teaching. Other institutions or voluntary associations can teach good morals—for instance, a university or a school. And inspired individuals, moral geniuses, are often more moral than any institution and sometimes have to break through accepted codes that have become ossified. Nevertheless, the State is the least moral thing of all. Nor must it even try to be moral, or to make people good by act of parliament. For the State coerces; and compulsory morals are simply not moral. To be moral, I must be free. I cannot pat myself on the back for being sober if I know that I would go to prison for getting drunk, because I can never prove that my sobriety is not due to fear of prison. The Church, then, must keep the State out of the moral field, a field into which the modern State is always trying to stray. To do this, the Church may have to abandon some of its humility and meekness. It may have to defy and to disobey; for obedience, just as much as disobedience, can be a sin. In the words of that great Victorian Liberal, W. K. Clifford, 'There is one thing in the world more wicked than the desire to command, and that is the will to obey'.

Besides, there is a fallacy in the neutralist—or shall I call it the Laodicean?—position. Not to take sides with reformers is often in effect to take sides against them. The powers that be may be able to say that their position must be valid since the Church has not condemned it. Moreover, to side with the powers that be, either openly or indirectly, is often merely to sanctify the *status quo*, to side with the haves against the have-nots, with the satisfied against the under-satisfied, with the strong against the weak. In any case, the powers that be, whether in political or in economic life, often enough got into power by over-

throwing the powers that were. They may have disreputable pasts and may have committed the sins of rebellion or of avarice in their time. Many a king was once a usurper and many a respected financial magnate was once a tycoon. I know that when the Church finds the victims of oppression or robbery lying wounded in the way, it does not always pass by on the other side. But is it enough to bind up the victim's wounds? Is there any evidence that the Good Samaritan in effect condoned the robbery?

The Church has had to make its compromise with the secular order. From its very beginning, the Church has recognised that, in one sense, some men are not called to live the full Christian life. We cannot all go about begging our bread—or who would bake the bread? There must be bakers and, in an imperfect world, no doubt there will also be soldiers and business men. The way of the world is going to go on. Wars will be fought, money will be made, children will be begotten. But the Church has at times suggested that these things could be and should be done in a more or less Christian spirit. It has tried to impose certain rules. Wars must be just, business must be honest, children must be legitimate. Yet, in modern times, has not too much attention been paid to this last point alone? Are morals merely a shorthand term for sexual morals? Are not other social questions of at least equal moral importance? And would not the influence and prestige of the Churches be rather higher if some wars since the Middle Ages had been called unjust, and some businesses dishonest? Or are we to understand that nowadays all wars are just and all business is honest?

No doubt intervention by the Church would make it unpopular in certain quarters. The late Archbishop Temple has recorded that when some bishops offered their services as mediators in the great coal strike of 1926 Mr. Baldwin asked them how they would like it if the Iron and Steel Federation revised the Athanasian Creed. And another Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, once remarked that if religion was going to interfere in the affairs of private life, things had indeed come to a pretty pass. Such incidents show us how far we have travelled since the days when the Christians were referred to as 'these that have turned the world upside down'. I must confess that I would not mind seeing the office of a clergyman becoming, in the eyes of the world, something much less respectable. It might not be a bad thing if churchmen were less frightened of the accusation 'Thou art not Caesar's friend', and if more priests were as turbulent as Thomas Becket. For unpopularity can give a moral strength which mere respectability cannot. Has not the strength of the Free Churches often lain in their slight lack of respectability?

When ecclesiastics give their elaborate, subtle, plausible reasons for not taking a line on political or social questions, I must admit that I sometimes have a lurking suspicion, perhaps an unfair one, that they are rationalising something not fully conscious. Can it be that, when they say 'I can't', they really mean 'I won't, and I won't because I don't really want to'?

Easing Man's Lot

We are constantly told nowadays that human progress is a will-of-the-wisp; that every effort of sinful man to improve his lot by his own efforts will, by a subtle irony of fate, invariably fail. The Tower of Babel has recently become a fashionable myth. I suspect that behind this there often lies a feeling that men not only cannot but actually ought not to be made any happier, a feeling that we were not meant to be happy in this vale of tears and that it would not be good for us if we were. John Stuart Mill put his finger on something very real when he said: 'I believe that the great majority of those who speak of perfectability as a dream, do so because they feel it is one which would give them no pleasure if it were realised'. It may, I fear, be significant that high ecclesiastical authorities have not infrequently opposed something designed to make the lot of men a little easier to bear. Not so long ago it was a bill to let a man marry his deceased wife's sister. And before that it was anaesthetics. Simpson, who discovered chloroform, had trouble with ecclesiastics who pointed out that Eve and all her daughters were told to bring forth their children in sorrow. Fortunately, Simpson was able to reply that, when God produced Eve from Adam's rib, He first cast Adam into a deep sleep.

We are told that we must not legislate merely to please men. That is sometimes said to have been the mistake made by the eighteenth-century philosophers. But they did, for all that, succeed in crushing a number of infamous things. Besides, we have the highest authority for thinking that the way to serve God is to serve men—'Inasmuch as

ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me'. That, surely, is the basic reason why the Churches must make a stand against obvious social injustice, against obvious damage to human dignity; above all, against any attempt to treat human beings as means to an end and not as ends in themselves.

We have heard much, possibly too much, about Christian Faith; much, possibly not quite enough, about Christian Charity. But have we yet heard enough about Christian Hope? Although I am told it is beginning to be talked about in certain ecclesiastical quarters. Need we really despair of some nearer approach towards the Kingdom of God on earth? The greatest saints and prophets, though often gloomy enough about the short-term prospects, have not had ultimate despair. They have not doubted that, in the end, righteousness would prevail. Their cry has been 'How long, O Lord, how long?'

I may be told that I am asking the Churches to adopt a utopian position. In a sense, I am. But if we are to achieve any social justice or any social progress, the world needs its utopians. I believe that so much progress has in fact taken place, and that it has normally occurred as a result of compromise. But compromise will not come out of a conflict between conservatives and moderates, for in any such conflict the conservatives would always win. The conflict must be a conflict of conservatives with radicals. And if Christianity is not radical, what is it? the Churches cannot be utopian, who else can? Even if we believe that the Kingdom can never be fully realised in an imperfect world, is there a reason for throwing up the sponge altogether? Or for making friends with the Mammon of Unrighteousness and bowing ourselves in the House of Rimmon? Do we not pray for the Church Militant here on earth?—*Third Programme*

Law in Action

Avoiding Death Duties

By A BARRISTER

I WANT to discuss three recent cases which have been of great interest to Chancery lawyers. One of them, called *Chapman v. Chapman*, went to the House of Lords; the other two named *Re Blackwell* and *Re Downshire* stopped at the Court of Appeal. The point actually decided concerned the powers of the court as guardian or protector of the property of an infant. But the cases also touched upon a point of more general interest. The court was being asked to help in breaking a settlement; the main reason for wishing to break the settlement was to avoid death duties. The judges themselves were being asked to play their part in a scheme for reducing a man's tax liability, which is an interesting spectacle, although it was not on that aspect of the case that the decision turned.

Two Extreme Views

On avoiding taxation, I find the two most popular views are the extreme ones. To some, any attempt at getting out of taxes is dishonourable even if you keep within the law—at best they would say it is a legal wangle. There are others who say that if a man can find a lawful way of reducing the taxes which he has to pay, then good luck to him. But on consideration the question is not quite so black and white. We may rule out the illegitimate ways of reducing taxes, which depend on fraud or something like it; they are not in question here. Of legitimate ways some are merely a matter of a man bringing himself within an admitted exemption, and one can hardly complain of that. Others arise because the law is something of a blunderbuss and does not always hit what it is aiming at; so people can sometimes take advantage of loopholes in it, and that you may perhaps regard as distasteful. There is a third type of case in which the law, being a blunderbuss, looks like hitting a transaction which it never really intended to hit; and then I think we should most of us feel entitled to save ourselves from the accidental result of the law by any legitimate means. I, personally, would put *Chapman v. Chapman* into the third type. The two Court of Appeal cases were halfway between the admitted exemption and the loophole. Still, when all is said, it does remain surprising that the judges themselves should be asked to help in avoiding taxes, and we must see how it arose.

The simplest way, and also I fancy the commonest, of avoiding death duties is to give your money away during your lifetime. If you live for five years after making the gift death duties are not paid on the property which you have given.

Where property is settled in a trust, a straightforward gift is not always possible and the most important way of avoiding duties is to break the settlement. Let me suppose a marriage settlement, where the bride's father has settled £100,000. This will be held by trustees, and the deed of settlement will tell them what they are to do with it. Probably there will be a trust to invest it, to pay the income to the bride during her life and to divide the capital among the children of the marriage when she dies. The years pass by and we find the bride, now a mother, growing old with a grown up son. (I will assume for simplicity that she has had only one child.) She is still receiving the

income from the £100,000 and will get it until she dies; then the trustees would pay the capital to the son. But there will be death duties on her death. Although she has only the right to the income the son will be the same as if she owned the capital, about £45,000. As neither the mother nor the son actually owns the £100,000, but both are interested in it, they have to agree together if they are to carry out a scheme for avoiding death duties. What happens is that they do agree to split up the £100,000 between them in any proportion which may be fair—say half and half. Together they tell the trustees to pay £50,000 to the mother and £50,000 to the son, and as there is no one else interested in the money the trustees are bound to do what they both say. By so splitting up the money they save about £30,000 of death duties if the mother lives for more than five years after the transaction.

Like a gift, this sort of transaction is one which parliament has carefully considered, and it has deliberately said that if the life tenant, the mother, lives for five years death duties will not be paid on the share of money which the son takes. Sometimes, by using a loophole in the law, you can save your duty without having to live the five years, but that is a refinement.

My illustration of mother and son is rather simpler than most practical cases because there are only two people concerned. But in any settlement one has a number of people to whom the trustees have to pay the income and a number of people who will some day be paid the capital if all the people who can ever take any income or capital are grown up and all agree, they can break the settlement; that is they can put an end to it and divide the capital at once between themselves as the mother and son in my example did. And by doing so they will often save a good deal of death duties.

A 'Protected Life Interest'

Difficulty arises in breaking a settlement if there are infants or unborn children concerned. To divide up the trust funds everyone interested in them must agree; but an infant cannot bind himself to such an agreement, still less, of course, can a child unborn. So if, in the illustration I gave, the son had been under twenty-one, or if there had been a possibility of more children being born who might share in the capital, there could have been no agreement. A frequent occasion of this sort of difficulty is a protected life interest. In my illustration there was a simple trust to pay the income to the bride for her life. The settlement might, however, have provided that if the bride were bankrupt the income, instead of being used to pay her creditors, as it would under the simple trust for her, should be used to maintain her family. That would give her a 'protected life interest', and such provisions used to be rather popular before it was realised what a nuisance they could be from the point of view of death duties. For a protected life interest almost always has the result that some infant or person yet unborn has a possible interest under the trust, and because the infant or unborn person cannot enter into an agreement it prevents the simplest expedient of agreeing to break the settlement so as to save death duties.

It occurred to lawyers that the Chancery Court, as guardian of

infant's property, has considerable powers to do on the infant's behalf what the infant cannot do for itself. And there are rather similar powers as regards unborn children. If, then, the court could make the necessary agreement on the infant's behalf, these intractable settlements could also be broken and death duties saved, to the great advantage of the infants and everybody else concerned, except the Inland Revenue.

That was the attempt made in the three cases I am discussing. The two which stopped at the Court of Appeal were examples of a protected life interest. In *Chapman v. Chapman* which went to the Lords, there was no life interest and would not normally have been any question of death duties; but a rather minor provision of the settlement had the result of attracting death duties when none would normally be expected. It was a case of the law hitting something which it did not really aim at. The attempt in this case was simply to get rid of the offending provision which was going to attract death duties; though less drastic, it raised the same principles as a complete breaking of the settlement.

Infants' Property

In all three cases the main question debated was whether the court had power to make the necessary agreement on behalf of the infants. The court's jurisdiction over infants' property is ancient. Someone, a widow perhaps, appealed to the King to protect the property of her child against some rapacious neighbour or not too honest relative. The King gave his protection, partly because he was the father of his country and protector of the weak, and partly because protecting property was a profitable business. Being a busy man he deputed the business to his chief Minister, the Lord Chancellor. Gradually the Lord Chancellor became in such matters a judge following law and precedent rather than a political Minister; and in due course he, too, deputed his duties; and so today we have the Court of Chancery exercising his ancient powers. The infants protected, starting as the King's wards, became the Lord Chancellor's wards, and finally wards of court. Because of this history this branch of the law has not crystallised as firmly into rigid principles as has the ancient common law of England. Even today a judge approaches a question of infants' property less bound by precedent than he does in other matters and more as the infants' guardian looking for a practical solution to the problem of the particular infant concerned.

That, I think, is why the proper limits of the court's jurisdiction were still open to debate in 1954. The reported decisions, of which the first was in 1687, showed two lines of judicial thought. On the one hand, judges had not felt too strictly bound by the terms of a will or settlement where the urgent needs of the infant had called for alteration. In purely administrative matters, such as how trust funds should be invested, they had exercised a considerable discretion, and they had sometimes allowed departures from the trusts in more substantial ways. Where, for example, an uncle had left a rich endowment on trust for his nephew when he came of age, but had directed the trustees to accumulate the income while the nephew was under twenty-one, the court cut through the direction to accumulate; the uncle cannot, it said, have intended the nephew to starve; so instead of accumulating the income the court used it to maintain and educate the nephew. That common-sense principle, that the uncle cannot have intended his nephew to starve, has proved fruitful in several subsequent cases. On the other hand, in several other cases where the need was not so urgent, other judges had taken a more cautious line, emphasising the principle that the courts should carry out, and not interfere with, the directions which a man gives in his will or settlement.

The line of authority which proved in the end most hopeful was concerned with compromises. It is common enough, of course, for adults to compromise their disputes by agreement instead of litigating. An infant cannot himself agree to compromise, but it is well settled that the court can agree for him to a compromise of claims which it considers fair and in his interests. In the three cases which I am discussing there was no dispute about existing rights and therefore, in the strict sense, no compromise. But a decision in 1900, *Re Trenchard*, had gone beyond the limits of strict compromise and supported the view that the power to compromise was really part of a wider power to make any sort of bargain, if clearly for the infant's benefit.

The court had also to consider two other powers not historical but conferred by recent statute, section 57 of the Trustee Act 1925 and Section 64 of the Settled Land Act 1925. The latter, which relates only to settlements of land, applied in one only of the cases under discussion.

In the first court the judges held that they had no power to authorise

the transactions. In the Court of Appeal, Denning, L. J., would have sanctioned the agreement in all three cases. He has always been in favour of Chancery Judges exercising a wide discretion and thought that, in so far as historically they might appear to have abandoned it, statute had restored it to them. The other two judges did not agree with this broad view. They sanctioned *Downshire*, however, because they thought that the special statutory provision relating to land gave them power. *Blackwell* they also sanctioned as being within a generous interpretation of the power to approve compromises. *Chapman* they could not bring within any power of the court and they refused sanction. So the *Chapman* case alone was taken to the House of Lords.

The House of Lords would have none of it. They dismissed, and with slightly acid comment, Denning, L. J.'s view that the courts could return to a pristine freedom of action. They refused to extend the power to sanction compromises beyond its strict and natural scope. They held accordingly that they had no power to sanction the scheme in *Chapman*, the case before them; and they said the Court of Appeal had been wrong in sanctioning *Blackwell*. On *Downshire*, the third case which raised a special point on the meaning of the statutory provision dealing with land, they left the position slightly ambiguous, for while disapproving of the Court of Appeal's judgement they did not touch on the special point which was one of the reasons for that judgement. Where the settlement is of land there is still, perhaps, some faint hope of getting a scheme sanctioned.

On the tax point, Lord Morton in the House of Lords said this:

If the court had power to approve and did approve schemes such as the present scheme the way would be open for a most undignified game of chess between the Chancery Division and the legislature. The alteration of one settlement for the purpose of avoiding taxation already imposed might be followed by scores of successful applications for a similar purpose by beneficiaries under other settlements. The legislature might then counter this move by imposing fresh taxation upon the settlements as thus altered. The beneficiaries might then troop back to the Chancery Division and say: 'Please alter the trust again. You have the power, the adults desire it, and it is for the benefit of the infants to avoid this fresh taxation. The legislature may not move again'. So the game might go on.

That is the House of Lords' decision. What questions does it leave us with for the future? The main question, whether the court has a free hand in dealing with infants' property, is now settled; its powers are limited, and can be extended only by legislation. Some day, I suppose, further legislation on the point might well come up for consideration; and then it seems to me a very debatable question which is the better principle: to limit the court's powers to those which are absolutely essential so that private wills and settlements shall, so far as possible, stand unalterable; or to give the courts a very wide discretion trusting them to use it wisely.

One question I think is likely to arise out of the *Chapman* decision: how substantial a dispute must there be in order that the courts may say that there is a genuine compromise giving them power to act? If there is no dispute at all the court cannot act. But once there is any dispute sufficient to require a compromise you may have the chance of framing the compromise so as to avoid large sums in taxation. Considerable ingenuity could be spent in finding a ground of dispute that can lead to a compromise.

'Zeal of a Good Father'

Lastly, what is the proper attitude of a court asked to give its help in a scheme designed to avoid taxation? The *Chapman* decision has certainly minimised the occasions for that question; and we may be glad that Lord Morton's unseemly 'game of chess' has been avoided. Nevertheless, the point can still arise from time to time, for example where there is a case of compromise, and judges may well find it an embarrassing one. What ought their attitude to be? If you had asked Henry VIII's Chancellor to help you in avoiding the King's taxes, I think his answer would have been 'nasty, brutish, and short'. An eighteenth-century court, however, asked the same question would perhaps have answered thus:

As guardians of this child it is our plain duty to care for his interests with all the zeal of a good father of a family, to borrow the apt phrase of Roman law. We should indeed be a bad father to him if we allowed his substance to be wasted in paying taxes, taxes which if this scheme goes through the law will not require of him.

What then, in the twentieth century, should be the answer? I will leave you to ponder that yourselves.—*Third Programme*

NEWS DIARY

February 9-15

Wednesday, February 9

It is announced at the meeting of the Supreme Soviet in Moscow that Marshal Zhukov is to succeed Marshal Bulganin as Defence Minister and that Mr. Malenkov is to be a Deputy Prime Minister in charge of power stations.

Sir Anthony Eden's tour of Asian countries is to be shortened in view of the problem of Formosa.

Sir John Kotelawala, Prime Minister of Ceylon, makes statements about the price of tea.

Thursday, February 10

A motion calling for the suspension of the death penalty for five years is rejected in Commons by 245 votes to 214.

M. Pinay fails to form a new French government and M. Pflimlin, an M.R.P. deputy, agrees to try to form a government.

A Bill to deal with 'horror comics' receives its first reading in Commons.

Friday, February 11

The Chancellor of the Exchequer states that the value of exports has not been keeping pace with that of imports.

Six judges of the Soviet Supreme Court are dismissed.

Farmers are promised an increase in guaranteed prices to meet the cost of higher wages.

Saturday, February 12

The Russian Government proposes a ten-power conference on Formosa.

President Eisenhower congratulates the U.S. Seventh Fleet on the part it took in evacuating the Tachen Islands.

The Tea Trade Committee in London challenges statements of the Prime Minister of Ceylon.

Sunday, February 13

The Chinese Communists claim to have occupied the Tachen Islands after the Nationalists' withdrawal.

Twenty persons are killed and many injured in Freetown during weekend riots in Sierra Leone.

A new Government is formed in Syria.

Monday, February 14

U.N. Security Council adjourns without taking further action over Formosa.

M. Pineau, a French Socialist deputy, is asked to try to form a government, after M. Pflimlin has failed.

London bus workers refuse to accept proposed alterations in services.

Tuesday, February 15

Italian Prime Minister and Foreign Minister begin official visit to London.

Government's plans for developing electricity from atomic power are published.

The Duke of Edinburgh receives Freedom of Glasgow.



Princess Margaret talking to West Indian children after she had opened a modern secondary school at Six Roads, Barbados, on February 9. The Princess spent four days on the island before sailing for Antigua.



A helicopter dropping supplies to the Aare-Tassin power station in the 6,900-foot high St. Gotthard Pass last week after the building had been damaged by an avalanche. This was the first time that a helicopter had been used in Switzerland to bring relief at such a height.

Right: Kingston Lacy, near Wimborne, Dorset. A grant towards the cost of repairing the house is being made by the Ministry of Works. It was built, 1663-5, by Sir Ralph Banks to the design of Sir Roger Pratt, and contains a fine collection of paintings. The granite obelisk standing in the grounds is from the Egyptian island of Philae.



An African family, waiting to be demobilized. About 60,000 Africans were demobilized from the British army in Kenya last week.





... last week succeeded chairman of the Soviet ...
airman of the Soviet ...
ers after the latter's ...
Bulganin was formerly ...
ence Minister

Marshal Zhukov who has been appointed to take the place of Marshal Bulganin as Defence Minister. Marshal Zhukov led the Russian Army in the defence of Moscow and Leningrad during the war



ophiatown, Johannesburg, watching the neighbouring houses being ...
isorily moved from the suburb to a district eight miles south of the ...
hannesburg denounced the scheme as 'shameful'



The withdrawal of the Chinese Nationalists from the Tachen Islands last week: landing craft are seen taking civilians and equipment out to the transport ships. The operation of transferring about 30,000 troops and civilians to Formosa was completed by February 11



A carpet of aconites in the grounds of Lacock Abbey, Wiltshire, photographed during last week's mild spell. Lacock Abbey, which was the home of Henry Fox Talbot, the British pioneer of photography, belongs to the National Trust



PROGRESS IN ELECTRONICS

Despite its innumerable applications, the magnet is still popularly associated with its use as a navigational aid. This

is perhaps not surprising when one considers that the earliest experiments in magnetism were connected with the compass and its use in navigation.

It is said that the Chinese were using a form of lodestone compass in B.C. 2637, but the experimental study of magnetic direction finding devices really began in A.D. 1000 and reached something of a milestone in the 16th century with the work of Dr. Gilbert, who was physician to Queen Elizabeth.

It is only within the last twenty years, however, that revolutionary advances have been made in navigational aids. Radar was, of course, the most important of these advances and it owed its successful development to the invention of an electronic tube known as a magnetron, and this device, in turn, depended for its efficiency upon the "Ticonal" permanent magnet—an alloy having great field strength, stability and uniformity.

Mullard's work in the field of magnetic materials has been particularly outstanding. In addition to "Ticonal" permanent magnets, two other materials now in quantity production are Magnadur, a non-metallic permanent magnet, and Ferroxcube, a non-metallic H.F. core material. These materials are contributing to important developments in other electronic applications such as television receivers and line communications equipment.

Progress in magnetic materials continues, and through this the future may well see developments of equal significance to those which have gone before.



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Making Self-Government Work

(continued from page 275)

Unfortunately, the nature of this problem was not fully realised until 1945. We did not realise that long-term planning on the educational level was needed to produce a comprehensive service of public servants and professional men. We expected a dependency to pay for its own educational development. Some of the difficulties in India, Pakistan, Burma, and Ceylon were due to strict application of this principle. Not since 1945 there has been considerable emphasis on this problem; United Kingdom funds have been made available, and advice has been readily placed at the disposal of the Colonial Office by the British universities. Even so, the process cannot be hurried. Excellent university institutions have been created in Malaya, Africa, and the West Indies; but a generation or more will elapse before they produce a sufficient number of really well-educated graduates to man all the local services.

It is easier to produce politicians than it is to produce administrators and judges. On the other hand, a colonial people will not believe in the reality of self-government if the officials who ruled under the governor's control continue to rule under ministerial control. Africanisation of the public services must therefore go hand-in-hand with local political control. Hence the period of transition must be lengthy. On the other hand, this period of transition creates new problems.

As I have said, part of the process of transition consists in teaching the Arcadians to think of themselves as Arcadians. The politicians who are elected to the legislature are, generally speaking, nationalists. Indeed, they will probably be aggressive nationalists; they will have one major objective—to get rid of British rule. In principle, that is our objective, too. We want to hand over responsibility as soon as we can. On the other hand, we have spent a good deal of time, money, and energy in building up a sound economy, an efficient administrative system, and a truly British judicial system—we do not want it to deteriorate badly when we leave; in fact, we believe, rightly, that it is in the interests of the people that it should. We know, far better than the students who quote the phrase at us, that good government

is not a substitute for self-government. But we also know that self-government is not good if it is corrupt or inefficient. The boundary between government and anarchy is fine, and we do not do our duty when we leave a country to fall into anarchy.

The almost inevitable result is a conflict between colonialism and nationalism. We think that the nationalists are unduly impatient, and are seeking to run before they have learned to walk; they think that we are trying to hold on in the supposed interest of the people of the United Kingdom. Necessarily the atmosphere becomes strained. Whoever writes the history of India between 1930 and 1947 will not enjoy it. He will probably conclude that there were mistakes on both sides. On the other hand, he will probably agree that some of the difficulties were inevitable. The British rulers did not know how to solve the conflict between Hindu and Moslem, and so they delayed too long. The Indians underestimated the difficulties and therefore alleged that deliberate obstruction to legitimate national aspirations was being practised. The British were 'imperialists', the Indians were disloyal anarchists.

There is no real solution to this kind of problem. It is possible to accelerate the process of transition, and this has been British policy since 1945. It is impossible to expect that the machinery of government will work as efficiently after the conferment of responsible government as it worked before. The Government of the United Kingdom has now accepted the opinion that risks must be taken. What the constitutional lawyer can do is to help to minimise the risks. I cannot explain here the constitutional devices which can be used to that end. What needs emphasis is that the process of transition must take time, it must be attended by many difficulties, and that there is no real solution to some of the problems. One of the things that we have still to do is to convince the colonial peoples that we really are doing our best, that the problem is not so simple as nationalist politicians make it; and that progress may be rapid, without becoming so precipitate as to make it not progress but retrogression.—*Third Programme*

ardening

Uncommon and Salad Vegetables

By P. J. THROWER

LET us consider a few not-so-common vegetables. The first is scorzonera. The fleshy root of this vegetable is the most useful, but the young leaves can be used in salads. It is ready for use during the late autumn and winter when other vegetables are not so plentiful, and it certainly makes a pleasant change. If you sow only a small bed, you will find it worth your while. Likes a well-worked soil, and, like the parsnip, if you sow it on a part of the garden that was manured for a previous crop it should produce really good roots.

The proper time to sow the seed is in early May. The drills should be shallow because the seed is not very large. Allow about fifteen inches between the drills. If the seed is sown thinly along the drills it will reduce the amount of thinning, because as soon as the seedlings are large enough to handle they must be thinned to twelve inches from plant to plant. Apart from hoeing to keep down the weeds they need no further attention during the summer months and will be ready for use from October onwards. They are quite hardy and you can leave them in the ground and dig them as you want to eat them.

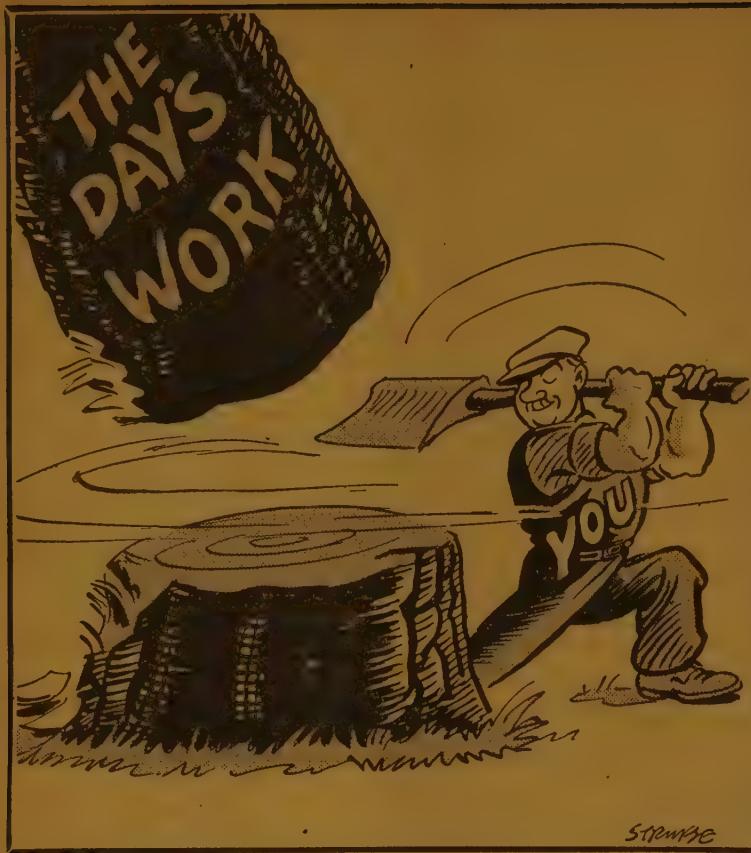
Salsify is another winter root vegetable that needs exactly the same treatment as the scorzonera; the seed of this can be sown in April. Jerusalem artichokes do not suit everyone's taste, but I like them occasionally. It is the only member of the sunflower family which is used for human food in this country. At one time I think most gardens had a few. If you should decide to plant some, do not forget they grow very tall, sometimes as much as seven or eight feet, so they should not be planted where they will overshadow other vegetable crops.

The seed tubers can be planted this month, and they will need to be six inches deep and at least two feet apart. To help them to make really good tubers they can be earthed up in the same way as potatoes, and in the autumn they can be lifted and stored like potatoes, too. They can be served with a white sauce.

There is not much variety for the salad bowl during the winter; true there are lettuce, at a price, and mustard and cress, and we should not forget endive, which is a useful salad in winter-time, as well as during the summer. It is certainly not a difficult plant to grow and is not too particular about the kind of soil so long as it is well cultivated. If possible it is all the better for a little manure or compost. To keep up a regular supply, a sowing can be made at intervals from April to September, in the same way as we sow lettuce. To have really good endive it must be well blanched. It is those tender, curly, yellow leaves from the heart of the plant which are the best in the salad. To blanch the young leaves during the summer and early autumn the outside leaves can be brought up and loosely tied over the centres, or perhaps an easier method is to place an inverted flower pot over each plant, covering up the drainage hole to make sure that the light is excluded. In winter-time the plants can be lifted and planted in boxes and put in a dark shed or cellar, or, better still, under the greenhouse staging covered up to exclude the light. It usually takes about three or four weeks to blanch the heart or centre of the plant properly.

Both chicory and corn salad are worth including, too, and these are blanched in a similar way. Order the seeds now so that you have them when sowing time comes round.

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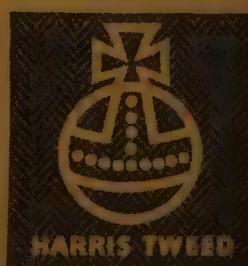


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Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Morals without Religion

Sir,—Dr. Agnes Savill says that as a lecturer in psychology I 'ought to know the importance of the value of religion given in the writing of the eminent psychologists C. G. Jung and William James'.

In my book *William James* in the Pelican Psychology Series, James' writings on religion are quoted and discussed at some length. He believed that a 'continuum of cosmic consciousness' underlay the material world, but he was not a Christian, nor, in the ordinary sense, a atheist. In *The Varieties of Religious Experience* (page 521) he wrote of his 'inability to accept either popular Christianity or scholastic theism', and in a letter, quoted on page 226 of my book, said 'The "omnipotent" and "omniscient" God of theology I regard as a disease of the philosophy shop'.

Jung means by 'religion' little more than a particular psychological attitude, and what he means by 'God' is hard to determine. He refers frequently to the 'archetypal image' of God, but whether he regards the image as corresponding to any objective reality is doubtful. Many of his statements (so far as they can be understood) suggest strongly that he does not: for example, 'God is a psychological function of man'... 'For our [i.e., Jungian] psychology, God is a function of the unconscious, namely the manifestation of a split-off sum of libido, which has activated the God-*imago*'. To the orthodox view God is, of course, absolute, i.e., existing in Himself. Such a conception implies complete unawareness of the fact that the divine aspect springs from one's own inner self' (*Psychological Types*, pages 300-1).

Yours, etc.,
Aberdeen MARGARET KNIGHT

Sir,—Mrs. Knight seems to think she justifies my statement that 'There is not much attempt to-day to defend Christian dogmas by reasoning' by telling us that she knows of many Christians who, so far as her experience of them goes, appear to make no such attempt. What kind of logic is this? Are we not right to protest when the word 'scientific' is claimed for such a conclusion?—Yours, etc.,

Woodford Green T. B. SCRUTTON

Sir,—Mr. Duckworth, in making man the 'author' of evil, not only ignores the suffering which no man is responsible, but fails to see that even the conscious willing of something known to be evil follows upon an instinct that is innate and not willed. The 'author' is often misguided rather than wicked and is perhaps in no case the ultimate origin of evil. Augustine's earnest reflection merits respect.

Yours, etc.,
Whitegate R. T. CARR

Sir,—I agree with Mr. Duckworth that God's restraint of man may well fall short of absolute compulsion; but, looking at the world today, I think most people would agree that He has given him much too much rope. In any event, as much as human free will constitutes at least a provisional abdication of God's omnipotence, I believe that accepts it thereby evades St. Augustine's dilemma.

I can assure Mr. Duckworth that it is per-

fectly possible to attribute all moral responsibility to God without either accusing Him of evil or adopting a fatalistic attitude; it simply requires a radically immanentist view of God, such as was held by Blake, and a meliorist rather than a perfectionist view of His 'all-goodness'.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.14 J. D. SOLOMON

Sir,—Lord Winster is mistaken in supposing that for Mrs. Knight 'to separate the act from its perpetrator seems a new principle in jurisprudence'. In asking how he can fine an offence whilst releasing the defendant he overlooks a legitimate distinction, commonly made, between (a) our assessment of the wrongness of an act and its immediate consequences and (b) our assessment of the extent to which the alleged agent should be held morally responsible.

As a magistrate, Lord Winster has to consider not only the gravity of the offence, but also the culpability of the accused. Indeed, if the accused is a child, that fact alone may be sufficient greatly to reduce his blameworthiness in the eyes of the law, so that, even if the offence is a serious one, he may be lightly dealt with. Further, a juvenile court is likely to consider not only the circumstances of the case, but also the undesirable effect that excessive or unsuitable punishment may have on the child. Is not this just the point Mrs. Knight made?—that parents' reactions to their children's bad behaviour should be designed to fit not the offence but the child, the criminal rather than the crime.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1 J. G. H. NEWFIELD

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of February 3 Lord Winster writes that 'a child is very likely to enquire who made the world and all that therein is'. He wishes to know the answer of a 'scientific humanist'.

As a mother of two small children, aged seven and five respectively, who have been taught at school that a Personal God made everything that is, I would like to ask Lord Winster whether he can advise me how to answer the following questions, which have all been put to me during the past six months:

(1) Mummy, what I can't understand is, where did God come from, and where did He get all the things to make the world?

(2) How did the horrid germs get here, I don't think God can have made them, He is too kind. Why did that poor little boy up the road get polio?

(3) Does God make the weather? It is so horrid in the winter.

(4) Mummy, what is the matter with these poor little rabbits at the side of the field, how did they get like that? [victims of myxomatosis].

Would it not be better if we grown-ups admitted to small children that we are only human beings and that we cannot hope to explain the cause and wonder of the world, that many wise and good men, the greatest of whom is Jesus, have explained their ideas of God and that when they are older they can study these ideas for themselves? Meanwhile we do know that if we try to be kind, to work hard and help other people, we shall do our own small part towards making the world a better place. Is this not enough for the very young to comprehend?—Yours, etc.,

Ipswich A. H. FARNISH

Persia: a Country Between two Worlds

Sir,—In reply to Mr. Elwell-Sutton's comment on my talk on Persia, I would just like to say that my experience indicated that the roads in Persia do leave a good deal to be desired. This is perhaps borne out by the fact that the Persian Government has just let a contract to a British firm for resurfacing the roads; this was given a very high priority in view of its urgency. The reason that I travelled by road to Shiraz on my way to Abadan was because I wished to see something of the country, in order to give my impressions later.

I am by no means the first traveller to comment on the feeling of remoteness when one is in Persia. Of course I do not blame the Persians for this, and indeed the whole purport of my talk was to point out how important it is that any help given to Persia from outside should not be given in a patronising way, but in a manner consistent with Persia's legitimate pride in her great past.

As to the population of Persia I can only say that experts must differ, since it was a Persian sociologist and historian who informed me that it had fallen during the last four or five hundred years.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1 WILLIAM CLARK

Hopes and Fears of the German Jews

Sir,—Like many members of our organisation, which represents the Jewish pre-war immigrants from Germany and Austria in this country, I heard with great interest Mr. Prittie's broadcast on 'Hopes and Fears of the German Jews Today' (printed in THE LISTENER of January 27). My friends and I are very grateful for the well-balanced report which Mr. Prittie gave to the public on a problem of special importance to us and our fellow-Jews in Germany.

If I take the liberty of commenting on one point—admittedly a minor one—it is not meant to minimise our appreciation of his talk but only to give some factual information. Mr. Prittie mentions that, after the war, 110,000 Jews were found in Germany. This figure is correct; however, the majority (about 90,000 to 100,000) consisted not of Jewish pre-war residents who had survived the war in Germany, as his talk implies, but of Jewish displaced persons from eastern Europe who, after having suffered in concentration and labour camps, found themselves stranded in Germany after the war. It is also mainly owing to the re-emigration of these Jewish D.P.s that the number of Jews in Germany dropped to 18,000 by 1948. Of the Jewish pre-war residents in Germany whose number amounted to 565,000 in 1933 but owing to emigration and death, to about 200,000 before the outbreak of war, only about 15,000 survived, mainly because they were partners of mixed marriages and, to a much less extent, because they had gone underground.

I feel I should submit to you this interpretation of the statistical material, because otherwise the impression might be created that a substantial number of German Jews managed to survive in Germany, whereas, with the exception of a tiny minority of 15,000, all of them were annihilated.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3 W. ROSENSTOCK
General Secretary, Association of Jewish
Refugees in Great Britain



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What It Means To Be French

Sir.—In his talk 'What It Means To Be French' (THE LISTENER, February 3) Mr.урсie Gillie seems to ignore the existence of Breton nationalism. The various organisations of such a movement range from the language movement, for the teaching of the Breton language in schools, and the Folkloric organisations, to political parties (home rulers, federalists, parastatists). It finds its supporters mainly among the educated classes.

All the political organisations were banned at the beginning of 1939, together with the North African parties, and are still under such condemnation.

The majority of the Breton people, ignorant of their history, are not nationally conscious. But the efforts of the French administration through the schools, to make Frenchmen out of Bretons, has not been as successful as Mr. Gillie seems to think. One must remember that Breton is the daily language of over 1,000,000 people (the most spoken of the Celtic languages of today) and that the population of Brittany, being mainly rural, slow in changing traditions and ways of life, has been only superficially affected by French ways. It is different in the towns, where French is mostly spoken. What are the prospects of Brittany in preserving and developing her national particularities it is difficult to say. No French government has shown any willingness to recognise the rights of the Breton people. Some hope that the reorganisation of Europe may give us a chance to be heard, some are looking for a complete separation from France—or will the process of assimilation be completed before any solution can be found?—Yours, etc.,
Sandyford

Y. COLAS

The Courbet Exhibition in Paris

Sir.—Art critics cannot be denied their bias. It is a sad fact that, among those English critics whose work appears most constantly in the press at the present time, the majority have a pathetically desperate bias in favour of nothing they call 'realism'. They will clutch at any straw to help prove their point that 'realism' (what they often support is in fact the re-emergence of Expressionist painting and sculpture) is making a great return, particularly amongst students (they overlook the fact that it has always been, the proper business of students to master visual appearances, i.e., become 'temporary realists').

But Mr. Alan Clutton-Brock (THE LISTENER, February 10) has gone too far. He begins his article on 'The Courbet Exhibition in Paris' saying:

At the moment when the realist revolution in French painting appears to have succeeded—among the 500 or so pictures in the Salon de la Jeune Peinture last month there was not one abstract work...

The implication here is that previously one might have come across abstract works in this particular Salon. Is Mr. Clutton-Brock not aware that the Salon de la Jeune Peinture is the home of whatever 'realist' painting may exist in Paris today? The Vice-President, for instance, is none other than M. Paul Rebeyrolle, you are a 'realist' that is where you send your work. No abstract or non-figurative painter in Paris would dream of sending in to this on: nor would he be accepted. It is as though Mr. Clutton-Brock were to imply that abstract painting had been routed in England since 'not one abstract work' appeared in last year's Royal Academy. Or to prove that abstract painting was dead in France because no figurative work appeared in the Salon des Nouvelles. If the Réalités Nouvelles—a

twice the size of the one Mr. Clutton-Brock mentions—which is, of course, devoted to non-figurative works, were to begin to wither away, or the equally established Salon de Mai were to register an infiltration of 'realist' painting and sculpture, these might indeed be signs that the trend which English art critics (almost alone in the western world) so much desire was gaining ground in Paris. But the opposite is the case. The 'realist' bias in English criticism is isolating this country from the rest of the western world, in aesthetic affairs.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.11

PATRICK HERON

early Christian church-architecture and ornament.

Mr. Gough can hardly have meant to imply that the early Christians 'invented' or 'thought up' the basilical church-plan. He did, in fact, say that it was the Hellenistic-Roman basilica (by which he presumably meant the public, civil basilica) that emerged as the standard type of church; and he might have added that with this type were fused certain specifically Christian features, notably the courtyard or *atrium* and transepts. The introduction of such features indicates what he has pointed out in his letter to THE LISTENER of February 10, namely that the Christians deliberately adapted pre-existing forms to suit their own needs. But he should certainly have alluded in his talk to the other pagan basilical sources—the 'house-basilica' (Vitruvius' *de Architectura* vi, 3, 9), or domestic hall with two superimposed tiers of internal columns (he probably had this in mind when he mentioned the internal arrangement of private Roman houses, in the letter just cited), the apsed and colonnaded 'mystery'-shrines referred to by Mr. Meacock, and the 'palace-basilicas', or imperial colonnaded audience-halls. The three-aisled basilica was clearly a well-established pagan architectural type, already existing in several variants, by the time that Christian architecture made its appearance; and it was from such pagan prototypes, not from 'old Jewish tradition' (to quote Mr. Kieve), that the basilical synagogues of Palestine and Greece were evolved.

This evolution is, indeed, fully recognised by the authorities, Watzinger and Sukenik, to whom Mr. Kieve refers Mr. Gough. According to these writers, no colonnaded basilical synagogue, known up to the dates at which their books were respectively published, is prior to the Christian era; none of those in Palestine is earlier than the third century A.D.; and the most 'church-like' of these synagogues, those equipped with a projecting apse to house the Ark of the Law and with figured floor-mosaics, are late fifth or six century.

It is well known that early Christian worship was, to some degree, conditioned by the synagogue-services; and it may be that some churches were directly modelled on Hellenistic synagogues and borrowed from them certain elements, such as the wooden women's galleries, the stone or marble 'seat of Moses', adapted as a bishop's throne, and the marble screen (comparable to the marble balustrade found on the chord of the apse in pagan basilicas), which separated the Ark-recess from the worshippers. Mr. Gough might have mentioned such possibilities, had time and space permitted. But the kinship of the *bema* in Cilician churches as described by Mr. Gough, namely the raised, masonry platform in the apsidal sanctuary (also found in early north-African churches, e.g., at Sabratha), is with such *bemata* as those at the ends of the Dura-Europos and Walbrook Mithraea, not with the Jewish *bema*, to which Mr. Kieve alludes, since this was normally a small wooden platform used for reading, set not in, but near and to one side of, the synagogue-apse. As Mr. Gough explained, some of the early Cilician churches were actually erected on or in pagan temples (he said nothing of the finding of synagogues in the particular Cilician areas with which he was dealing); and in all parts of the Roman world many churches must have been directly modelled on pagan basilical buildings, without relying on Jewish basilical synagogues as intermediaries.

Mr. Kieve is surely overstating the case when he declares that 'the early Christian "inhabited scroll" was derived from prophetic symbolism and nature—never from paganism'. The 'inhabited scroll' was, in fact, a long-established pagan motive, which can be traced

M. R. E. GOUGH
Edinburgh

Sir.—Mr. Michael Gough's talk on early churches in south-east Turkey (THE LISTENER, January 20) has now come under fire from two quarters. Mr. W. H. Meacock (*ibid*, January 27) takes him to task for saying that the early Christians had to 'invent', 'decide upon', and 'think up' the type of building that would be suitable for a church; and Mr. H. E. Kieve (*ibid*, February 3) complains that he has overlooked the Jewish prototypes and parallels for

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at least to late Hellenistic times and was a favourite item in the Hellenistic artists' repertory (see *Papers of the British School at Rome*, viii, 1950), and it was from pagan art that Jewish art of the late-Hellenistic and Roman periods derived this motive. Again, such designs as the Erotes-cum-swags frieze from the Capernaum synagogue (Sukenik, pl. II, a), and the sun-god, Zodiac, and Seasons on the Beth Alpha synagogue mosaic (*ibid.* fig. 8), are unashamedly pagan in origin. As Goodenough has shown, Judaism gave these borrowed pagan motives a new symbolic meaning; and, similarly, as Mr. Gough quite rightly said, Christianity took, in many cases, its decorative forms directly from pagan predecessors (who themselves used these forms symbolically) and gave them a new 'twist' and significance. It is, indeed, likely that this Christian borrowing was sometimes suggested and encouraged by earlier Jewish borrowing from pagan picture-language. But relations between Christians and Jews under the Empire were often far from cordial; and it is certain that in many cases the early Christians had direct recourse to pagan sources.

During the third and fourth centuries of our era there was, in fact, a recognised religious pictorial idiom spoken by pagans, Jews, and Christians alike. The same workshops and craftsmen must often have worked for pagan, Jewish, and Christian patrons indifferently.

Would Mr. Kieve be prepared to reconsider his attack on Mr. Gough in the light of a reading of Watzinger, Sukenik, and Goodenough, who do not, to my mind, support Mr. Kieve's thesis?—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge J. M. C. TOYNBEE

the Church and the Artist

Sir.—It may interest those who have written on this topic to know that an exhibition of church art is to be given in the Chapter-house of Chelmsford Cathedral, by kind permission of the Provost and Chapter. It is to be held early in May, arranged by the Council of the Friends of Essex Churches, and kindly sponsored by the *Essex Weekly News*.

The exhibits will, we hope, be many and various—ranging from such things as a fourteenth-century altar-chest to paintings by contemporary Essex artists. Any suggestions concerning objects related in any way to Essex churches which might be suitable for inclusion would be most welcome to those responsible for launching this new venture.—Yours, etc.,

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It was a strange sight,
The prisoner alone
Under the great domed light,
Judge and jury gone
And close the approaching night.

Shadows shuffled in
Muffled in despair,
Wind whispered of a sin
None before would dare
And, when did the trial begin?

With the prisoner's own
The accumulated crime,
The burden and the groan
In the affidavit of time
Must be judged in him alone.

Loud the prisoner cried
His defiance and his hope,

The Grip of Time

Sir.—Your editorial (February 10) rather over-emphasises the difference between the approach of the historian and that of the scientist. The scientist is not only an impersonal recording machine coldly noting the characteristics of phenomena. He, like the historian, has to select for study a very few threads from the multitude of his experiences; he also is influenced more than he knows by the *Zeitgeist*; and he also needs some of the qualities of the artist and is part of the scene he himself describes. This is confirmed by Miss Wedgwood's talk, for her description of revolutions in the study of history as owing not so much to the discovery of new facts as to new ways of looking at the old ones is also applicable to the great revolutions in science.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.16

P. E. HODGSON

Miss Moberly's Apparitions

Sir.—Last April I made a broadcast (printed in *THE LISTENER* of May 20, 1954) on Miss Annie Moberly and her famous 'adventure' at Versailles, which brought me an astonishing number of letters. 'The Critics', in their discussion of my talk, suggested that the time had come for a full-length reassessment of the Versailles story. As a matter of fact, I am engaged on such a book for Messrs. Faber and Faber. The broadcast, which you printed, gave rise to a long and interesting series of letters in your columns, on which you eventually had to impose the guillotine. Might I therefore now ask the hospitality of *THE LISTENER* to invite all those in possession of personal reminiscences of Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain, or any other interest in the subject, to get in touch with me?

Yours, etc.,

44, Godfrey Street, LUCILLE IREMONGER
London, S.W.3

Background Music

Sir.—Your 'Critic on the Hearth' in his comment on television broadcasting in *THE LISTENER* of January 27, expressed the hope that 'fellow victims . . . will help to swell the protesting chorus' against the maddening use of background music. I am glad to add my own protest. Moreover, not one viewer of the large number to whom I have spoken has failed to complain bitterly of the exasperation caused by these hateful, discordant, and totally unnecessary 'noises off'. Nor is this all. In two recent programmes, 'Blue Ice' and 'Zoo Quest', the background 'music' was so strident that at

The Trial

Pleading the truth that lied
And how the blind must grope
With an animal for their guide.

No sage of cosmic sense
Answered and no sign
Gave evidence of a presence;
There was only the day's decline
And the suffering silence.

And slowly towards the place
The night, like Judas, came
To bear false witness
In the prisoner's name,
The blood of the sun on its face.

The prisoner again
Demanding to be heard,
His voice like the tongue of pain

times it was difficult to follow what was being said. Two of my friends told me that they had turned down the sound and contented themselves with the silent film.

I feel sure that the overwhelming majority of television viewers will wish your critic every success in his efforts to secure reform.

Yours, etc.,

EDINBURGH DOUGLAS MILLER

'The Descent of Belinda'

Sir.—Though the libretto of Beckford's opera has not been traced the epilogue is extant in the *Reading Mercury*, April 29, 1782. It was spoken by one of the children, Miss Faulkner, in the character of a fairy.

The original title of the piece was 'The Arcadian Pastoral', according to the *Reading Mercury* of April 22. The libretto by Lady Craven is there commended 'for the elegant simplicity of its language equally removed from the extremes of unnatural refinement or vulgarity'.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.2

SYBIL ROSENFIELD

Hon. Sec., The Society for Theatre Research

Cake-making for Beginners

Sir.—Miss Ann Hardy's articles have been most helpful, but my experience of the new margarines tallies with that of Mrs. R. E. W. Shipp of Farnborough. A trial of five different makes gives the same result, a tacky batter which curdles easily, and a finished cake of clammy consistency as opposed to the fine texture to which the ration issue accustomed us. This change has, so far, only caused us to regret the National type.—Yours, etc.,

St. Leonard's-on-Sea L. F. BUNYARD

Sir.—I must take up the challenge on behalf of cakes made with margarine. If the recipe is good and they are carefully made and baked, they can be delicious.

Undoubtedly butter is incomparable for richness and flavour and keeping qualities, and only cost makes one resort to margarine, which, nevertheless, is a good second best. I agree that the most expensive ones are not always best, and, to my mind, few compare for baking with the 'National margarine' of rationing days. Some contain a percentage of butter and it is well to test each brand and choose accordingly. Only today I tried a new one, one of the best for flavour I have ever tasted.—Yours, etc.,

Middlesbrough

ANN HARDY

Trying to pronounce the word
That in his heart was plain.

Desperately he sought
With eyes and ears to know
What judgement would be brought.
He saw only the stillness grow
And the silent death of thought.

And unable to bear
The uncertainty any more
He cursed the death he'd share
Till his curses wept and wore
The humility of a prayer.

Then, it seemed, the stillness
And the silence, from their death,
Returned as peace and quietness
With, hushed upon their breath,
The verdict of forgiveness.

HARRY C. HAINES

Art

Round the London Galleries

By QUENTIN BELL

HERE is a great deal to be seen in the London Galleries at present, and that must be my excuse for not entering into any details concerning the Pictures for Schools Exhibition which the Society for Education through Art, supported by the Arts Council, is holding in the Whitechapel Art Gallery. The general public should go to it and will find the visit very well worth while. All those who are in a position to make the show a financial success should consider it their duty to do so; far too many of our school walls are bare and barbarous or, worse still, are defiled by the products of those whose trade it is to deprave and to pervert the sensibilities of youth. So long as we allow this state of things to continue, any talk about the 'defence of western culture' is so much cant. One of the ways in which we can mend matters is by making the annual Pictures for Schools Exhibition a resounding success.

There is no work at the Whitechapel Art Gallery which would not improve the appearance of almost any school; but there are some which would have a much more immediate appeal to children than others, and it might be supposed that there are few which could, in this respect, compete with the exhibition of mobiles by Mr. Alexander Calder at the Lefevre Gallery. The visitor—whatever his age—who ventures into that tangled spinney of arms, twigs, and leaf-like or geometric forms riding gracefully upon the gale of an electric fan, may well be astonished, charmed, and amused; but he is unlikely to feel those more profound emotions which arise from the contemplation of a great design; much greater space and distance than any dealer's shop can hope to furnish are required before any design can be perceived. The spectator finds himself standing within these statues and can no more see them than Jonah could see his whale; moreover the effect of incoherence is magnified by the sculptor's constancy to a very restricted range of shapes and patterns. Only the miniatures can be considered as a whole and these, certainly, are toys—pretty, ingenious, and elegant toys.

For those who prefer their sculpture solid there is an exhibition at the Hanover Gallery of the work of three young sculptors. Of these, Mr. Takis Vassilakis is the least substantial, indeed his preference for flat metal shafts twisted and welded into schematic shapes confines him to a rather inexpressive kind of solid drawing; Mr. Robert Clatworthy, whose arresting 'Man and Dog' owes something to Giacometti and a great deal to native talent, attains much more coherent forms, although he frequently contents himself with the suggestive hazards of rough-cast surfaces. Miss Rosemary Young has looked attentively at the modern Italians, has learnt a great deal from them and, in her work, has arrived at a true solidity, the solidity that results from a thorough understanding of structure and a love of tactile values, a solidity which makes the best of mobiles appear trivial.

I wish that I could say the same of Mr. David Wynne's statues at the Leicester Galleries, for Mr. Wynne is a sensitive and intelligent artist who has a real notion of form (witness his 'Head', No. 26 in the catalogue), but who still suffers from an uncertainty of touch which can, on occasion, produce flaccid and meaningless shapes. In the same gallery

are paintings by Nikolas Ghika, an Athenian painter of international reputation and indeed of international style—his Parnassus is not far from the Boulevard Raspail. In his semi-abstract paintings figures are flattened and recast into tasteful arrangements of colour in which the contrast between the regular shapes of houses or ironwork and broken textures of grass or sea is rendered with exquisite charm.

Keith Vaughan's recent water colours are also at the Leicester Galleries; they are extremely competent and likeable and, moreover, seasoned with a hint of disquieting imaginative perturbation.

Returning from Italy and from Cernobbio respectively Earl Haig and Mr. David Mathews have filled the Redfern Gallery with agreeable sketches. Mr. Mathews, travelling with some rapidity, could hardly do more than sketch; nor, when he is dealing with subjects which do not involve violent movement, is it easy to see how he could have done better. Some of these sketches, as for instance 'Maize Harvest' (No. 91), are miraculously brilliant in the choice of colour and disposition of form. Earl Haig, one might suppose, had more leisure; but there is little in his work to suggest prolonged and assiduous study. It is partly for this reason that his pictures are so tremendously attractive and, in a way, so very perfect. Nevertheless I believe that he can and will do better; for although he solves his problems with brilliant colour they are not of a very abstruse nature. An English landscape—'Sunset at Crowthorne' (No. 4)—he does give a notion of what he might achieve if he were to overcome those really formidable odds to which he might address himself.

Mr. Anthony Eyton, whose works exhibited at the St. George's Gallery, stand as an example of the opposite tendency. He sees landscape, especially the landscapes of Greece and Italy, in quiet, subdued, Corot-like tones which enable him to render atmosphere with great charm and precision. A fine example of this talent is to be found in his 'St. Mark Across the Water' (No. 26) or his 'London Bridge, Newcastle' (No. 27), in both of which there is great

use of colour and a most effective rendering of distance. He has a grace at his command that he might well have chosen to rely upon them; he has, however, been more ambitious, as in his 'Woman with a Parasol' (No. 28) and 'Rusinella' (No. 29) which, despite some very fine passages of form, is less successful than the little sketch for the same work. It is, however, an admirably exciting attempt and, if a failure, the kind of failure of which a young painter may be proud. At the same gallery are works by Mr. Eli Montlake which, though certainly not profound, are pleasing.

Like the exhibition of Pictures for Schools, that at Arthur T. and Sons entitled 'Today and Yesterday' cannot be considered in detail. There are three paintings by Matthew Smith, and one of them is first rate, there is a very characteristic Sickert and a very uncharismatic Sickert. There are also some Stanley Spencers, including 'Losing from Punts' (1954) in the remarkable 'Christ Preaching at Cookham Regatta' series, together with works by younger artists Colin Middleton, Daniel O'Neill, Adrian Ryan, and Colville Barclay, with an excellent still life by William Brooker.



'Girl with Towel' by Rosemary Young: from the exhibition of 'Three Young Sculptors' at the Hanover Gallery

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Lord Protector. Religion and Politics in the Life of Oliver Cromwell. By Robert S. Paul. Lutterworth Press. 35s.

ARDLY A YEAR PASSES without fresh contributions to the study of Oliver Cromwell, whose greatness is well illustrated by the diverse interpretations offered of his character and career. Paul offers us the portrait of a man suffused with the beliefs and superstitions of his age, who underwent the religious experience known as 'conversion', probably before his thirtieth year, and who thereafter felt himself to be the certain instrument of a righteous and all-seeing Providence. There is indeed little reason to doubt the overpowering reality in Cromwell's mind of the heaven or Hell awaiting him in the next world, while as to this one he once observed tersely to the French ambassador that he climbs highest who knows not whither he goes—a remark that when repeated to the sophisticated and sceptical Cardinal de Retz seemed the utterance of a madman.

In middle age, Cromwell found himself apprenticed to the art of war, a pursuit in which unquestioning religious faith has frequently been a decisive buttress for morale. He soon sought to rid the parliamentary army of the old decayed serving men and tapsters, and such 'old fellows', while he moulded his own 'shop of "godly honest men"' into 'a gathered church', ready to raise a psalm of thanksgiving when the dust of battle had hardly settled. Yet religion and worldly advantage did not always coincide: Cromwell was prepared to quit his promising career as a military commander contentedly on the enactment of the Self-Denying Ordinance, if only the half-hearted army chiefs were relegated to civil life. Later, he undertook the reconquest of Ireland—a risky venture without troubling to secure first his political position at home. The Irish expedition was a crusade, a holy war, and the massacres at Drogheda and Wexford that stained it were in part the passionate smiting of the Amalekite, and in part explained subsequently as having been perpetrated, in his own words, 'to prevent the pollution of blood for the future'. It was Cromwell who more than any other man was responsible for the trial and execution of the King, and here again, the 'cruel necessity' was enforced because it was Charles who was still bent on authorising the 'small offenders' to shed blood. Cromwell believed in the divine right of neither king nor parliament—indeed, how could he, when both so manifestly deviated from the path of righteousness?

Dr. Paul, it is evident, belongs essentially to the school of narrative historians whose most eminent representatives today are Miss Wedgwood and Sir Arthur Bryant, though he writes without their punch and sparkle. In the problems of social analysis that preoccupy professional historians of the period nowadays, he has little interest: he does not believe that religious differences are to be interpreted as a cloak for more significant social cleavages, he finds more to discuss in the foreign and ecclesiastical than in the economic policy of Cromwell as Lord Protector, and the noisy Levellers are first mentioned (in a footnote) as 'an influential republican movement among the rank and file of the Army, which sought to reduce social distinctions.' But the approach to the problems of Cromwell's career via the religious highway cannot lightly be disregarded; there is much to be said for the view that Cromwell while at the head of the army guided the nation as he thought the Hebrew prophets had led the Israelites. Dr.

Paul's narrative is well supported by meticulous references to first-hand sources; he draws much from the recently completed collection of Cromwell's writings and speeches compiled by the late W. C. Abbott, and there are occasional respectful backward glances at the great masters, Gardiner and Firth. He has written a book of definite value to those who interest themselves in seventeenth-century studies, even if it is not a masterpiece.

The War Diaries of Albert I, King of the Belgians. Edited by General R. Van Overstraeten.

William Kimber. 21s.

King Albert was the first world hero of World War I, and in contrast to others his fame was not dimmed nor his stature diminished by the depressing course of that prolonged struggle. He is enshrined in the memory not only of his own people but of the allied peoples, as the model type of a warrior-king, combining dauntless courage with gracious chivalry.

During the war years he kept a private diary, which has been released and published, with some editorial notes by his aide-de-camp, General Van Overstraeten—a gifted military historian who in passing on to be aide-de-camp and military adviser to Albert's son, King Leopold, became a focus of controversy in, and before, World War II. If he had stayed in his professorial chair at the Ecole de Guerre he would have had an easier path and a happier life, but a less interesting time.

The war diary, jotted down originally in a couple of note books, makes a brief book—but a very illuminating one. Its main significance, now, lies in the way it indirectly shows that King Leopold was the faithful disciple and pupil of King Albert, sharing his father's thoughts and closely following the precepts that his father had inculcated. It is the irony of history that the son should have suffered violent criticism in consequence, and lost his throne, while the father remains a universally cherished figure whose reputation has never been affected by the storm that broke over the son who so loyally sought to carry out his father's teaching.

The diaries reveal that throughout the war King Albert was concerned to keep Belgium from becoming a satellite of her powerful partners, France and Britain, and from too close association with their aims, which he considered dangerous to future peace and the stability of Europe. He hoped to bring Belgium back eventually to her former position and policy of neutrality. It becomes evident, too, that he had more trouble with his ministers and was subject to more pressure from his allies than ever appeared on the surface.

Some of the passages in which he expresses distrust of his island ally's policy may come as a jar to British readers. They may also feel that other passages show a narrow concern with Belgium's interests, particularly in his anxiety to avoid offensive operations along lines likely to cause the destruction of her cities. But to put ourselves in his shoes, as the guardian of his people, is the way to deeper understanding.

Moreover it is very clear from the diaries that he had a wide regard for humanity's interests, combined with a far more realistic grasp of the military factors than was shown by the Allied military leaders. From 1915 onward many passages reveal his foresight about the length of the struggle and the futility of bludgeoning offensives, as well as his acute sense of the con-

ditions necessary for success. He never shared the optimistic illusions of Joffre, Foch and Haig. He was the one leader in Europe who showed a grasp of grand strategy—which conducts war with regard to the state of peace that will follow.

Man and the Land

By L. Dudley Stamp. Collins. 25s.

This book is concerned with the scenic evolution of Britain. Many people as they pass through the country by road or rail must have had their curiosity roused by the changes in the landscape unrolling before them and have sought, if only casually, an explanation of the differences in skyline, in the flora, and in the use of the land, as between one district and another. How far is the scenery of England the work of nature through the ages, and to what extent has this been affected by the interference of man during the few thousand years of his enjoyment of it? The natural scientists, the archaeologists, historians and the philosophers, have all of them made their contributions to this fascinating subject; in this volume an eminent geographer, Dr. Dudley Stamp, has added to our knowledge in this field of the influence of man on his environment.

Beginning with what he describes as 'The British Eden', he looks at the surface of the land and traces what the hand of man has done in shaping the scenery as we find it today. He comes to the conclusion that 'very little indeed of it, even in the wildest parts of our islands, can truthfully be described as natural'. For example, the devastations and reservations of the early kings of England have left their mark upon great areas of woodland and waste; devastations for disciplinary purposes, such as William the Conqueror's Harrying of the North; reservations for sporting amenities such as the New Forest or Sherwood; and great open spaces like Exmoor and Dartmoor. Even these have undergone great changes since man's first intervention. The Scots pine with its winged seeds has replaced many of the hardwoods of the New Forest; demands of the industrial age have thinned out most of the good timber of Sherwood, leaving the beautiful, though useless, silver birch in command; modern agricultural methods are revolutionising farming on Exmoor and elsewhere, while everywhere the Forestry Commission, the Services, opencast mining and even the B.B.C. are transforming in greater or less degree whole areas of the country before the eyes of the present generation.

In another direction, the most fertile farming lands of England, the Fens, represent a change from wild nature at her wildest brought about entirely by human ingenuity and toil.

The Psychology of Politics

By H. J. Eysenck.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.

When we call a person a tory or a bolshie we do not refer only to his political conduct and affiliation, we have in mind also characteristic attitudes towards such subjects as birth-control, hostility to coloured peoples, flogging and religious observance. There are in our minds certain clusters of attitudes that go together. Professor Eysenck in his books on *The Scientific Study of Personality* and *The Structure of Human Personality* has presented us with his own experimental discoveries on this subject and he has shown in the latter book the way in

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JONATHAN CAPE

with different methods and different nomenclature, other researches seem to converge on a system of attitudes very similar to his own. In his book he has applied his findings more directly to the field of politics, and as usual he brought together the work of other psychologists and public pollsters so as to present us with a general review of the field. The material to which he refers is voluminous and varied, and to have it all neatly arranged for the greatest value.

Using a questionnaire containing a variety of questions on a variety of topics, he shows that people can be divided into those who are what he should ordinarily call conservatives and those whom we should call radical. This division is further shown to correspond with political allegiance, and political allegiance, in general, corresponds with social status. On closer investigation, however, it turns out that there is a further grouping of opinion. Indeed, we can hardly distinguish between the extreme left and right wingers and those who are more 'moral'. There is, in fact, a second dimension along which the adherents of both parties can be differentiated. This dimension he calls the 'tough-minded' versus 'tender-minded' dimension.

The former are more practical, rough-and-ready, the latter more theoretical; the former are more 'extrovert', the latter more 'introvert'.

Tough-minded conservatives think that cultured people are inferior and Jews too powerful and they are in favour of flogging and the death penalty; the tender-minded ones recommend compulsory religious education and the making of birth-control illegal. The attitudes which form these clusters are heterogeneous, but Professor Eysenck has certainly made out a case for there being something similar among all attitudes which he calls 'tough-minded' ones which contrast with those which characterise the 'tender-minded'.

He then goes on to produce evidence, from an analysis of the results of giving his questionnaire to adherents of the communist, fascist, and other parties, that the first two score high on 'tough-mindedness', on the radical and conservative sides respectively, that working-class voters are to be more tough-minded than middle-class voters, that socialists are neither particularly tough nor tender, and—as we all know—that the old liberal is the most tender-minded of all. Finally, Professor Eysenck relates his theory of the structure of attitudes to modern learning research. This is a matter of special interest to psychologists. Broadly speaking, the idea is that radicalism and conservatism are related to personal interests, whereas tough-mindedness and tender-mindedness are related to the way we have been conditioned in childhood and in our dealings with other people. The former might tend to correspond to a class difference, the latter to a personality difference or a difference in required temperament, though such a description is gross over-simplification.

Professor Eysenck is a master of clear exposition and he manages to handle an enormous amount of material with enviable ease. The topic is a fascinating one, and once more he has put us in debt by placing it before us with such commanding skill.

Nanga Parbat. By Karl M. Herrligkoffer, translated and additional material supplied by E. Brockett and A. Schrenzweig. Elek. 21s.

A strange thing that after so many failures in the past fifty years, five of the major Himalayan peaks have been climbed since 1950 by five different nations: Annapurna (France 1950), Everest (Great Britain 1953), Nanga Parbat (Germany 1953), K.2 (Italy 1954), Cho

Oyu (Austria 1954). Stranger still, perhaps, that Mummers' effort to climb Nanga Parbat in 1895, without any of our modern equipment and experience, is still as impressive as ever. Five German expeditions followed, from 1932 to 1939, and good brief accounts of all these and other minor expeditions occupy the first half of this book. The tragedies of 1934 and 1937, the worst in Himalayan climbing, lose none of their drama in the retelling.

It had to be the Germans who chose Nanga Parbat with its legacy of terror and death, who climbed it, apparently without enjoyment, after swearing 'a sort of Olympic oath' beginning, 'We pledge ourselves to be honourable contestants in the struggle for one of the highest peaks on earth, to respect the laws of comradeship', etc., etc., and then who triumphed in a solo performance which for courage, luck, endurance, and hardiness can scarcely have an equal in the annals of mountaineering.

The final pair were Hermann Buhl and Otto Kemper. Buhl started off alone, leaving Kemper to follow, which he did an hour later, feeling none too well. Kemper gave up on the high plateau of the Silver Saddle, and, after waiting all day for Buhl, struggled back to Camp V in the evening. Meanwhile Buhl went on and reached the summit at the incredibly late hour of 7 p.m. At 9 p.m. he had descended 450 feet and spent the next seven hours standing on a rock, having left his rucksack, food and spare clothes farther down. The weather remained miraculously calm, and at 4 a.m. he started down again, reaching Camp V by evening utterly exhausted, with two toes frostbitten.

The expedition was begun against a good deal of opposition at home, and was carried out with the aid of Hunza porters who are not as well trained as the incomparable Sherpas. This probably accounts in large measure for defects in the build-up and support of the advance parties in comparison with, say, the successful Everest expedition. But Dr. Herrligkoffer's account is of absorbing interest, though the photographs are less dramatic and less well reproduced than those of Fritz Bechtold's *Nanga Parbat Adventure* of 1934.

The Spirit of Liberty. Papers and Addresses of Learned Hand.

Hamish Hamilton. 21s.

The publication of these papers and addresses on liberty by a distinguished American judge directs attention to two marked differences between the United States and Britain.

Why is it that, for every English book on the subject of liberty, freedom, and civil rights, at least a dozen American books are published? Is it that citizens whose civil rights are enshrined in a written constitution are more freedom-conscious than those whose rights subsist in the common law? Secondly, the outstanding twentieth-century American judges, Holmes, Brandeis, Cardozo, and now Learned Hand, have all written attractively and at length on the nature of their office: comparable writings by leading British judges are few.

The following quotation on McCarthyism will serve at once to show the author's style and viewpoint:

I believe that community is already in process of dissolution where each man begins to eye his neighbour as a possible enemy, where non-conformity with the accepted creed, political as well as religious, is a mark of disaffection; where denunciation, without specification or backing, takes the place of evidence; where orthodoxy chokes freedom of dissent; where faith in the eventual supremacy of reason has become so timid that we dare not enter our convictions in the open lists, to win or lose.

His examination of the role of the judiciary

is illuminating. He reconciles the paradox that whereas the judge is now inferior to the legislature he is no mere automatic executant of parliament's statutory commands. He conceives the judge as the articulate organ of what are often men's half-understood aspirations, ambiguously reduced to a statutory text. At the same time he modestly recognises that the judge's activity has comparatively little bearing on the greater issues of the community as a whole—his importance lies in the protection which he affords to the rights of the individual. Given that essential pre-requisite, judicial independence, Anglo-American judges of the calibre of Judge Learned Hand can be relied on to play their part in safeguarding the citizen's liberties.

History of the British West Indies

By Sir Alan Burns.

Allen and Unwin. 70s.

Having sketched what little is known of the all but extinct aboriginal Caribs and Arawaks of the West Indies, Sir Alan Burns gives a remarkable list of common English words of native Caribbean origin—barbecue, buccaneer, canoe, cannibal, cassava, guava, hammock, hurricane, maize, potato, tobacco. Given a few more clues—perhaps, planter, slave, sugar—and a glance at the names of the many famous individuals and families in the very full index, your schoolboy need not be a Macaulay to get some impression of the character of West Indian history and of its place in many most exciting pages of our own story. Stimulated to read on he will learn that for two or three centuries the Caribbean was the inevitable approach to all the America that really mattered in those days—the continental 'Spanish Main' of centre and south—and how Hawkins and Drake were soon challenging the closely guarded Spanish monopoly. The Spanish were in truth only one degree more violently warlike and monopolistic than their Dutch, French, and English rivals. Thus everybody's bad laws provoked everybody else to break them. It was at the same time physically impossible for any power to hold and keep close administrative control of the scattered island bases of the Caribbean—with the result that smaller islands remained for centuries the almost uninhabited haunt of semi-respectable buccaneers and wholly disreputable pirates of all nations. This example being contagious, even the more solid communities grew up in the unstable atmosphere of war or lawless adventure that pervades so many pages of this book.

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portion of these synchronise with European wars in which the islands' story is too much that of a battleground. It is a little trying that the effort to run the stories of so many abreast means that episodes are often interrupted by pages of 'chronicle' and resumed

only in the next chapter. All the major episodes are there, however, fully and judicially handled—from the troubles of Columbus in the early days to another scarcely less hotly debated affair, that of Governor Eyre in Victorian Jamaica. It seems a pity that the last 150 years are written

off as a period of 'very rapid decline' and get only some forty-five of the 800 pages. The story as here told is, however, the necessary background to that of the new West Indies now emerging, and one is grateful for this indispensable aid to West Indian studies.

New Novels

Mother and Son. By I. Compton-Burnett. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

Loser Takes All. By Graham Greene. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

A Ghost at Noon. By Alberto Moravia. Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.

The Diary of an Ugly Duckling. By Marianne Becker. Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.

MIGHT have begun this review of Miss Ivy Compton-Burnett's latest novel, *Mother and Son*, a study in matriarchal voracity, saying that everybody must by now be familiar with her work, if I had not read Mr. Liddell's preliminary study of her novels, which appears simultaneously from the publisher. For I see that Mr. Liddell, who is not merely an adept but an addict, distinguishes between an Outer and an Inner Circle of Compton-Burnetts; proudly asserting his membership of the Inner Circle, when thinking of the 'intense and peculiar intellectual excitement and pleasure' that her work gives him. Not only is she not for every novelist but she is not even wholly for every serious novel-reader. She is, it seems, almost a secret Society.

The main reason why her work is so very special is simple enough. She is too ascetic in her methods. Her latest novel applies them all over again, as interestingly, as brilliantly, as effectively, and as demandingly as ever. There is no little description either of place, person, or period that we might be allowed to say that there is none. By keeping our ears open we know that this novel is dated 1897 (all her novels are about as far back as that); but even the adepts have been unable to date or place some of her other books. She writes much as if she were writing the script of a play or radio drama, with most of the stage-directions omitted, cut to the bone, or expressed in words that do not evoke a picture: 'quizzical', 'offhand', 'neutral', 'parenthetic', and the like. The style of the conversation is extremely formal. Nobody says 'don't' for 'do not', or 'it's' for 'it is'. One talk sometimes reads like a stilted translation, and one has sometimes to be alert to the correct expression of plain things. This, for example, is the manner in which, here, the husband confesses to a secret in his past life:

'Miranda, it was the time when we grew apart, when Roseberry's early manhood. I was thrown on myself; I had to steer my course as I could; you will remember how things were. My life took on a second thread, as the first one went awry. I had a life apart from you, as you had one apart from me . . . etc.'

When two proposals of marriage are made they are not described; when they do emerge one is quite sure that they have been accepted, when they are later rejected one has to wonder that it is so. Adepts will scoff at this, saying everything is quite plain. Their ears will be better attuned, their minds more abstract, than mine. To make up for this almost total lack of the visual, characters are made to stand at doors, enter a room and, unnoticed, overhear conversations, or a letter is read out; the most violent deeds are presented in this way, for these are sardonic novels, claustrophobic, acid, angry or bitter in their view of human nature. They concentrate on human nature, cruelty, and downright wickedness, which would be intolerable were they not also

shot through by an enchantingly tart and aphoristic humour, if the characters did not often appear comic even when they are behaving outrageously, and if there were not an over-all sense of pity for selfishness, meanness, vice, and folly even where it is being lethal for others.

To the Outer Circle it is the humour which mainly appeals; as well it might. There is in *Mother and Son* a cat, Plautus, who is one of the finest comic characters in fiction and the occasion for some superbly comic conversations. To the Inner Circle the pity and the understanding has an appeal which the humour only serves to make more poignant. If I must confess myself a half-outsider it is because I can never forget that these novels, though delightful as satire, operate within confined areas of human behaviour. They rouse laughter, anger, and pity, and then—alas!—comes numbness. They do not purge. If Miss Compton-Burnett has her own ethos, or norm, its existence is implied only by the warmth of her anger. It does not transpire. This does not prevent me from enjoying her novels as splendid comic pieces: an opinion which, I gather, will never satisfy her more passionate admirers.

Graham Greene's latest 'entertainment', *Loser Takes All*, is money for jam compared with Miss Compton-Burnett. It is about a young husband who wins millions at Monte Carlo while on his honeymoon, loses his wife's love by his absorption in the system which wins it, and wins back her love by giving his millions away to a young man with whom she has, in despair, been pretending to love. It is all over within a few days. It never happened; we do not believe one word of it; and neither does Mr. Greene, who is just having a frolic. It is all much as if Mauriac said, 'What's all this about Collette?', and sat down to dash off one just as good.

Back to serious matters with Signor Moravia's *A Ghost at Noon*. This novel appeared in Italian last year as *Il Disprezzo* ('Contempt'—possibly, 'The Despised'). This was a better title since it hits the nail on the head: the nail being a man whose wife suddenly despises him. Moravia follows the theme with a heavy insistence, much as he followed the single idea of adolescent recusance in *Disobedience*, and of an adult's hero-instinct in *The Conformist*. He is a very deliberate writer. He gets an idea, and winds his way steadily, and stolidly, through it. We are dragged at his chariot-wheels. Sooner or later, usually sooner, each problem becomes a sexual one.

Why does Emilia Molteni suddenly despise her husband? It is not clear to me at any point in the book. It could be that she suspected that he was throwing her in the way of Battista, the film director; or because he was not a vulgar success like Battista; or that she began with elemental ideas of love and may be expected to go on having them; or, most likely, that he is too civilised for her simple, rather animal, ideas

about everything. The whole sub-plot deals with a film director who wants to present *The Odyssey* as a psycho-analytical exposure of Ulysses as the over-civilised man, despised by Penelope, and driven to murder the suitors just to show that he has guts. It is fascinating to compare this novel with Moravia's other novels, for they are all inhabited by strong, animal women and by confused, bewildered, dithering men: see *Conjugal Love*, *Disobedience*, *The Woman of Rome*, *The Fancy Dress Party*. His heroes are his heroines. His men are all suffering Moltenis. Practically all his women are physically big, with big breasts, but the only one of them who has a child is the prostitute—and she bears a bastard to a murderer. One can only think that Moravia is, consciously or unconsciously, uttering a profound disgust with his times, unless it be that he is venting his righteous anger on the world for the frustrations of his country. Normally it is most dangerous to place any trust in what Americans call the 'symbolical interpretation of literature', but the persistence of frustration-images in Moravia's fiction is too striking to be ignored. I still feel that his best novel is *Conjugal Love*, not least because it has suggestions of humour and in the end offers vistas of hope, sanity, and happiness. It has not the cul-de-sac effect of his other novels.

Marianne Becker's *The Diary of an Ugly Duckling* is the translation of her *Journal de Cra-Cra*. Cra-Cra is an unpretty girl of fifteen with an unsympathetic and domineering mother, two 'pigs' of sisters, and a father whom she dearly loves; he is weak and hen-pecked and she has a fellow-feeling with him. The main event in her story is her discovery that her papa had had a mistress, who still pursues him; worse, that he has a secret daughter. In misery, she sees him take her to the Opera and caress her with the same gestures that she had thought were for her alone. It is a delicate business to write of teen-age sorrows and joys without becoming sentimental. Cra-Cra is not in the least corny. Her journal is touching, penetrating, and amusing. It is most effective when apparently at its most irrelevant. There is, for example, a description of Cra-Cra's visit to a post-office which, quite without seeming to do so, gives us a vivid picture of Cra-Cra herself. When we see the eager, curious, plain little French girl—who could have one tooth missing and a stocking twisted—peeking and dodging about among her elders, all intent on their own affairs, she seems in her momentary forgetfulness of her own sorrows even more pathetic than when she is pouring them out, alone, in her journal. I think *Cra-Cra* is a novel with much more depth and feeling than the *Bonjour Tristesse* of Françoise Sagan, a book which has had much notoriety but whose attractions sparkle more along the surface of the page. Cra-Cra is a touching and entertaining character whom one will not easily forget.

SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting DOCUMENTARY

A Continuing Problem

'YOU HAVE NOT HAD much to write about lately', was the comment of a new acquaintance to whom I was introduced as THE LISTENER writer on documentary television. Documentary,



'Living Machinery' on February 11: Dr. Grey Walter (right), physiologist at the Burden Neurological Institute, Bristol, showing Max Robertson a robot emerging from its kennel, attracted by the light of a torch which it is trained to follow

as it is not too aptly called, is a continuing television problem. Its programmes need much preparation, more than most. Its subjects often have to be 'cleared' through devious channels, including government departments. If a programme is set in one of the B.B.C. regions, way leaves and other complications are involved. Research alone may take months. The ratio of patience required from a documentary producer is as high as that of a professional viewer who has hopes of television as a social force and is obliged to watch programmes that do all too little to encourage them.

Last week the documentary form was represented, more or less, by 'War in the Air'; the 'See It Now' telerecorded interview on the atomic future; another instalment in the alleged Harley Street series called 'They Come by Appointment'; 'Panorama', dealing with *apartheid* in South Africa, the coming Antarctic expedition, and tea prices; the Labour Party's political broadcast; 'Living Machinery', from Bristol; 'Press Conference' with the Minister of Transport; and 'Battle of Words' from Bedford College. There was also 'Animal,

Vegetable, Mineral?' and a repeat of 'Three Two One—Zero!', the American atomic energy film; and, on Saturday night, a film about seals.

'They Come by Appointment' was explicit documentary; the rest can be lumped together as factual television, conforming to provisos of expediency rather than of art. The medical series has kept the documentary banner flying bravely over that littered scene. In treatment,

it has been consistently well defined and satisfying. In content, it has seemed to stray into paths of dubiousness and more than one doctor has made me the repository of disapproving comment. We must agree that the producer, Robert Barr, has been well served by Peter Illing as the surgeon whose suave versatility is equal to the test of an intricate brain operation one day and straightening a film star's nose the next. Not often in documentary television are we given such a firmly sustained personal performance.

There are those who believe that television cannot be an art form, that the possibility is not inherent in it. They must acknowledge the priority of documentary as the most truly characteristic of television's forms of expression. All else is contributed from without, the cinema, sound radio, the theatre, the lecture room, the concert hall. Documentary gathers these resources into a single combined

act of communication and interpretation; it is unique in being able to do so. Why do we not have more of these programmes?

The time has come, I thought, to a Controller of Programmes, Cecil McGivern, spoke to him on the telephone in the course of writing this article. He tells me that writers are being recruited and organised to supply not only the requisite mental skills but an accelerated pace of output. He left me in no doubt of his belief in the value of documentary or of his wish to see it given a prominence in the production activities of the Television Centre.

Television documentary programmes are extremely relevant to the business of living in this day and age. The special contribution they can make is in helping us to get back to appearances. In many of its activities television is encouraging the erroneous view that appearances are important. In 'show business' no doubt they are. In the more sober actions of existence they are less so, and documentary television could be an instrument of vital re-education in that matter. How absurdly susceptible to appearances television is made us was shown, embarrassingly, at a gathering of representatives of all the arts, most of the talents, when one of their number, who had appeared in a single session of a game, was applauded for having, as a side-announced, made 'a great reputation on television'. Clearly, there is work for documentary television to do in assisting the recovery of a more rational scale of values. Already, it seems, the thing is getting out of hand.

One had that impression, distinctly another and more sombre context, the interview between Ed Murrow, journalist, and J. Robert Oppenheimer, physicist. For some viewers, no doubt, it was a remarkable television experience, an encounter at one remove with a mind of the thinking élite. Its chief effect on me was to induce a kindlier attitude towards 'Inventors' and its cosy fraternal session with gadgets more lethal than mousetraps. Dr. Oppenheimer's generous smile held only qualified assurance about the future of science. As to that, another scientist, asked recently by a friend of mine what he thinks will be the outcome of the new knowledge he has answered: 'I give the world another fifty years.' Bertrand Russell is still, however, rather less optimistic. In the face of these utterly irresponsible situations, Dr. Grey Walter's brilliant and ingenious ironic brains, shown on Friday night, seem to be vain toys.

The politicians were in sharp contrast to the scientists, Elaine Burton, who is sure that salvation can only come from socialism. The Minister of Transport was exempt from party politics in 'Press Conference'.



'Battle of Words' on February 12: final round of the national debating tournament, at Bedford College, London, between Glasgow University and Bristol University

that better roads and rail-
will bear us to a better
n. A hint of scolding in
the Burton's voice, a hint of
lacency in John Boyd-Car-
r's, did not impair two un-
y competent performances in
art of public self-expression.

REGINALD POUND

AMA

Short Supply

MAKE, LET ALONE DROP, bricks
or straw withal has been
ionally the hardest of tasks
the days of the Captivity.
drama may be rocking the
ments concerned is not and
ot be concern of mine; but
er by accident or design or
result of some mysterious
ure from Equity or from mere
a (the Critic's union), the
atic picture which comes
the scope of this column has
y changed during the last
h or two.

ually one could count on
sizeable play two or three
in the week's schedule; a kitchen comedy
ps on the Tuesday, some temporarily un-
oyed repertory actress in some temporarily un-
ected piece by Barrie or Sutro on a Wed-
ay, and for Sunday supper some all-out
telling of history, legend or fancy, with
Peter Cushing as Pharaoh, or Napoleon, or
scientist planning to blow up the Albert
orial. Those were the days!

of late it has been, so it seems to me, all
eography', most melancholy of the visual
s far as the monochrome screen is con-
cerned. While the Groves, like some suburban
of Atreus, staggers from mild disaster to
greater, bowing faintly to such calendar events
as Valentine's day, 'drama' has centred on
things as a trip round Mr. Peter Ustinov's
or a scramble round the grand piano,
some such deprecatory title as 'Music
hurt you' or 'It's not so bad if you can
your hands'.

anwhile, in a lean time, we should do well
to count our blessings, which this week included
near-drama as the pretty 'Two Pigeons
Flying High'. If anyone had imagined he was in
a dam's ballet on La Fontaine's fable under
the tree, he was deceived. This was a daintily
rehash of the Willow Pattern story, by

Kirkup, with 'specially com-
music by Max Saunders, Mr.
Felton as a Mandarin, and the
Miss Yang. The choreography was
avid Gardiner and the whole pro-
duction in the practised hands of
Simpson, who assured us in a note
that the story was 'essentially
in conception'. While of course
cannot be said of all plays on tele-
vision, the quality is perhaps less over-
whelmingly unusual than the words

suggest. The quality of visual
drama extends equally to Mr. Benny
the Personality of the Year who, in
his own show on Saturday night, gave
sustained and very funny study of
the woman in trouble with her bust.
uses all sorts to make a world and
not taking sides with Monday's
ness against Saturnalia of this sort,
there is nothing specially wonderful
in a television show being 'visually
alive'. On the whole, we like to
see quite a number of them are:



'Two Pigeons Flying High' on February 7, with (left to right) Felix Felton as the Mandarin, Margaret Gordon as an old woman, Lian-Shin Yang as Koong-se, and Pamela Binns as her maid-servant

even 'Face the Music' which last week brought
out a very strong team, something like one of
those Temperance Concerts in the town hall
which were designed to keep Edwardian youth
off the pubs in the good old days.

'Lady Charing Is Cross' is such an abysmal
title that one started on this mild little post-
humous comedy by 'Gordon Daviot' in a
mood of foreboding which turned out to be
well justified. Diana Wynyard as a great lady
taming a socialist reformer (Tom Fleming) and
getting annoyed with him when he turned his
coat had possibilities, the kind which a dramatist
of Barrie's skill could have put to good
account (*vide* 'What Every Woman Knows').
This piece dragged and the fault was not in the
acting nor in the production but in the
play itself. But it is in every sense past history
now.

I see, as yet a cloud no bigger than a man's
hand, another 'Candida' on its way. But it
will not be played by Diana Wynyard. How
interesting it would be, sometime, instead of
proferring funeral bakemeats, to see a series of
different leading ladies in the same great play,
on consecutive nights. No doubt there would be
howls of rage from some quarters, but I believe
that in such a way it might be possible not only



Bernard Braden (left) as Tony Grant and Larry Cross as Mac in 'Go Fall in Love' on February 13

to determine a few standards for
television acting but to lay down
some sort of repertory basis, such
as exists even in the ephemeral film
world where a number of 'classics'
do manage to get themselves re-
issued from time to time, with
beneficial effect on each rising
generation of film goers. At present
television lacks any such basis, and
the mere adding on to what has
already been seen of little playlets
such as 'Go Fall in Love' (to be
repeated tonight) will never
achieve anything beyond the passing,
agreeably enough, of a few minutes which might otherwise be
given over to vacuity.

If Mr. Benny Hill is a seaside
postcard, Mr. Braden is an even-
ing paper feuilleton. Not that I
wish to be heavy-handed about
Mr. Braden in this little musical
valentine by Ted Allan, who has
given us now three very passable
pieces ('Willie the Squouse', 'Lies
My Father Told Me', and this,
which had songs by Malcolm
Lockyer). He also has a drama of
moral indignation running in the
live theatre currently and my total

impression is that Mr. Allan can write, even if
he is not highly organised in the side of the job
which decides what to write about. Let us not
apply the Higher Criticism to 'Go Fall in Love'
which was no worse than a scene from a maudlin
Saroyan drama, about a night-club pianist who
was worried because his sweetheart (Betty
McDowall) was younger than he. There was
a sensible compromise which would, I feel, have
been just what Ann Temple of the *Daily Mail*
and its awards would have recommended.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Dream Days

'LIFE'S A DREAM' begins as a nightmare. I
am not sure what exactly I might say if chained
in a tower in 'a tangled labyrinth of crags',
but it might be less eloquent than the few
picked remarks of Prince Segismund of Poland
—imprisoned there because his birth was
blighted by astrological prediction. Most people
are eloquent in this play by the Spaniard,
Calderon, translated by Roy Campbell (Third).

No kind of snip-snap here: it is the
custom to speak volumes. Certainly
King Basilio does in an explanatory
harangue to the Court that seemed,
in performance, to run on for pages:
Esmé Percy—clearly born to be King
of Poland—delivered it with a proper
relish in the sound of the thing. There
is more than a little rum-tum fustian
in all this; but, as a rule, the play—
thanks to Mr. Campbell's skill—made
an inspiriting high-romantic noise. Now
and then—as when Robert Harris was
throwing off the early rhymes of Astolfo
of Muscovy—we could have wished the
speeches to be even longer. Superficially,
everything was on a high level of
tushery. It was odd to sit on an icy
Sunday afternoon and to be visited,
without warning, by a beautiful sword-
bearing woman in male attire ('How
rudely, Poland, you receive a stranger!'
declared Rosaura in the tingling voice of
Fay Compton); by a clown who is a
sort of knave-in-waiting, by a chained

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(Anon.)*

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e, brutish-grown, and by a Duke of
covic. Yes, Muscovy.
e names, you gather, are from the correct
—that vast, blurred, romantic atlas of
ries of crag and cloud where anything can
en, nothing is remotely improbable. The
theatre rejoices in these wild, vague dis-
s, these realms of the sunset. It can also
ify Calderon's argument (here about the
n within the dream) that makes of this play
thing more substantial than just another
ntic invention. R. D. Smith produced with
irish, and he had the voices to back him:
Laurie's, for example, in ceaseless surge as
aptive Prince permitted to wake in splen-
('Am I not Segismund?' he cries, startled,
e same way that another 'dreamer' had
'Am I not Christopher Sly, old Sly's son
Burton-heath?'). Behaving brutishly, he
his chance of freedom. When another
restores him to royalty, he learns to con-
himself as a man and a prince; to know
if life is indeed a dream, he must 'enjoy
lly ere it glide away'. During the second
he drama begins to glide away, on its own
nt. Happily, on the air, expressive playing
production kept it from disappearance.

we were dreaming again in Yeats' 'On Baile's
strand' (Third). Through the door at the back
the great hall at Dundeealgan we had to
ive a 'misty light as of sea mist'. The
e-ironic tragedy is a play from the mists,
ulain, King of Muirthemne, slaying the
g man from Aoife's country who is his
son, and then dying himself, mastered by
aves in the presence of the Kings. With
Redmond and T. St. John Barry as King
High King, Cuchulain and Conchubar, we
unsmudged, the beauty of Yeats' verse,
ash of phrase on phrase, 'the cold, sliding,
ry-footed moon', 'Where the spare hazels
the wool-white foam', and those other
from the new Abbey on a December night
century ago. Allan McClelland achieved
note of fantasy for the Fool, an intensely
ult part.

ere is no dreaming in 'Lisel' (Home),
Forsyth's play of post-war Germany that
with a taut scene—rightly conceived for
drama—in the moon-landscape of a shat-
Westphalian town. Mr. Forsyth, full of
(he is discussing the nature of enmity,
g other things) lapses every now and then
dialogue, almost Pinerotically-phrased and
ited, that jars the listener. But he is a
ightful writer, and his cast served him ably.
nilar fashion, the players of 'The Orchard
—among them Angela Baddeley, as a
essive headmistress, and Patrick Barr—
what they could for a lesser piece, R. F.
erfield's struggling anecdote (Home) about
tion, snobbishness, and adolescent love
a dream) in a cathedral city. Eager, but
means exciting.

ave to say that, also, about 'The Barlowes
eddington' (Light), the Chetham-Strode
with Mr. Barr now as the headmaster of
tiresome and thinly-acted pupils: the
squeaking, the usual slans, the usual sur-
s brisker at Hollingham, yet another radio
el, which arrived suddenly in 'Take It
Here' (Light), complete with Dr. James
rds as senior classics master, a progressive
mistress quite unlike Mr. Delderfield's, and
tian looseness of discipline. I shall think
is for one wedge of dialogue: 'The junior
are just filing through the cloisters'—
'Well, listen to them'. And, indeed,
were filing through—with a pleasantly
rasping sound. Goodbye to the cloisters.
he headmistress admitted, 'We had our
ucks'. Life's a dream at Hollingham: we
go there again.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Question and Answer

IN THE DISTANT DAYS of 'The Brains Trust' I occasionally heard scornful criticism of it from certain highbrow friends of mine. What right had these people, they asked, to lay down the law on every conceivable subject? Such a question, as I hastened to point out, showed a childish misunderstanding of what 'The Brains Trust' actually was—a team of intelligent, and often highly intelligent, persons who were willing to discuss on the spur of the moment a series of questions of which they had had no notice, persons to whom we listened not as humble pilgrims to an oracle but as an audience who could enjoy intelligent table-talk. But there are people, as we know to our cost, who can't bear intelligent conversation unless they themselves are snatching the lion's share of it. Hence, undoubtedly, the scornful criticism.

I have never heard this criticism of 'Any Questions?' and the reason is I think, that this programme appeals to a more populous audience from which the uncompromising highbrow shudderingly absents himself. Although I haven't mentioned it here for some time, I often listen to 'Any Questions?' and, with occasional exceptions, I find it very agreeable entertainment. The exceptions are usually when the team includes a windbag. Otherwise I sit back and listen with never a glance at the clock and allow the audience and the team to work on me. The former provides a background-noise of simmering festivity which powerfully affects the feelings: I am thrown into that easy-going, receptive mood which is induced by a few glasses of good wine. And against this background the speakers, while never overtaxing the intellect, stimulate, without ever over-stimulating, a variety of emotional reactions—warm concurrence, sudden irritation soon checked by a crisp rejoinder from the next speaker, a refreshing shock to one of my pet convictions by a new and striking point of view, an occasional chuckle at some neat repartee, or flashes of wit or humour, to say nothing of my instinctive liking or dislike for each member of the team.

Recently 'Any Questions?' has produced a healthy offspring called 'Any Answers?', broadcast on the Light Programme on Thursdays, to which correspondents are invited to contribute their views on the subjects dealt with by the parent on the previous Friday. This consists of a selection of the letters received, read by various voices and interspersed here and there by a recording of one of the answers given by one or another member of the 'Any Questions?' team. In this way a greater variety of views are provided and, as the correspondents have had time to think them over, they are often expressed with a welcome brevity and punch. I have heard this programme twice and find the child worthy of its parent. Last week the creature was voluble on the vexed question of Formosa, expressed itself alternately delighted and desolated by the threatened abolition of the puff-puff, grew fractious on the suggestion that motorists should pay a toll, and was as profoundly shocked as I was by Mrs. Mary Stocks' outrageous views on cookery, all the more outrageous for being expressed with the precision and brevity which make her an ideal member of an 'Any Questions?' team.

I have never yet decided what the subtle something is that ensures the complete success of an 'Any Questions?' programme. Team, audience, and questions all contribute, of course, but from time to time there seems to be a mysterious alkahest whose presence or absence makes all the difference. It was unmistakably present at Exeter a fortnight ago and as unmistakably absent last week at Freshwater where, despite some lively

passages, the proceedings dragged. One of the bright spots was A. G. Street's prompt reply to the question 'Your house is on fire, your family safe; what would you first try to save?' 'That's an easy one', said Mr. Street. 'Your insurance policy, of course.'

I was much interested in a talk by W. Mays on 'Jean Piaget', now Professor of Psychology at the Sorbonne. Mr. Mays is not an exciting broadcaster: although he spoke precisely and came across clearly I found it curiously difficult to follow him. But Jean Piaget is an exciting subject, not only because of his astonishing precocity in scientific knowledge as a schoolboy but because of his later work as a psychologist. Many years ago I was fascinated by a book of his on child psychology—I have forgotten the title—in which he describes a large number of psychological tests on young children and draws valuable and revealing conclusions from them. It is a book which every prospective parent should be forced to read and then to pass an examination on its contents.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Obstacles to Marriage

THERE IS ONLY ONE THEME for comic opera, Mr. Tippett has told us, and that theme is 'obstacles to marriage'. Like most generalisations, this one is subject to exceptions. It does not fit 'Don Giovanni', unless one is to regard the marriage of Donna Anna to Ottavio as the central theme, nor 'Falstaff', unless the sub-plot of Anne and Fenton is exalted to the principal place. Nor does Menotti's amusing little anecdote, which we heard last week, comply, for there the obstacle is to the lady getting to the ball. But nearly all *opera buffa* and its derivatives, from the ancestors of the 'Barber' to the Yugoslav 'Ero, the Joker', do conform to this particular type of story.

It is not a form of entertainment that makes its full effect in a broadcast. So much depends upon the by-play of the actors, their gestures and facial expressions. The music naturally and appropriately tends to be comparatively light and insubstantial—Mozart and 'Die Meistersinger' providing exceptions to the rule—and so not sufficient in itself to make up for the absence of the visible action. Once we at home know the opera and can remember what is happening on the stage, the case is different. So I enjoyed the recent performance of 'Don Pasquale', which very probably may have bored those who have never seen it, even though it was sung in English.

'Ero, the Joker' was sung in Serbo-Croat, a language with which few of us can claim acquaintance, and though the story is simple and was clearly explained, it must have been difficult for the radio audience to understand what was happening at any given moment. This is a serious obstacle to the successful marriage of comic opera and sound broadcasting. Having seen a previous performance at the Stoll Theatre, I enjoyed a good deal of the spirited broadcast, especially the exhilarating last act, which, even without the colourful costumes and whirling dancers, must have delighted those who had borne with the *longueurs* of the earlier acts. For though there is a wealth of attractive melody and a good deal of imagination in Gotovac's score—the orchestration of the sound of the mill working is brilliantly done—the music rarely attains the level of the otherwise comparable 'Bartered Bride'.

Menotti's one-act opera is, like everything he writes, effective 'theatre'. He knows exactly how to put a situation over with the aid of the right kind of music. As usual, his music is spread thin; it is neither original nor consistent



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style, but it always supports whatever is ening and amplifies its impact. An amusing tainment, but a negligible composition. second hearing, at home, of Tippett's opera rmed first impressions of it. It is the exact site of Menotti's piece, a boring entertain- but certainly not a negligible composi- I hoped it might make a better effect when at home with the score than it did in theatre—in itself no commendation of what s coming over clearer than in Covent en, one could only lament that so much iful music should be expended upon a pre- ous and humourless libretti.

then one could forget the text and listen to

the music of Mark and Jenifer, to the fine choral movements, and to the long and beautifully written solo, with its imaginative accom- paniment, for Sosostris—a dramatic solecism, but a wonderful opportunity for the splendid contralto of Orlia Dominguez—then one could surrender to the magic of the composer's musical imagination. The trouble is that his imagination does not seem, in spite of all his theorising about it, to comprehend an understanding of opera as an art-form requiring directness of statement, swift action, and a power to strike the spectator with immediate force at a dramatic climax. In 'The Midsummer Marriage' everything is long, slow, and involved, the iron is never struck till it is cold.

Franz-André has been in command of the B.C.C. Orchestra, and paid us the compliment of including several English works in his curiously assorted programmes. Malcolm Arnold's Second Symphony was the most substantial and repaid rehearing, an attractive and brilliantly written work, though somewhat eclectic in style. The conductor offered also arrangements for chorus, organ, and orchestra of two movements from the 'Art of Fugue', to which, I suppose, there can be no theoretical objection, though they did not sound convincing. As someone said of a much-arranged biography of a national hero, it now remains only to do it on ice.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Dilemma of Arthur Honegger

By EDWARD LOCKSPEISER

Honegger's Concerto da camera will be broadcast at 8.40 p.m. on Monday, February 21 (Third), his Third Symphony at 6.0 p.m. on February 22 (Third), and his 'Antigone' at 9.15 p.m. on February 23 (Home).

NE of the main demands we make of a composer nowadays is that he should evolve, that he should become bigger than he was, that he should be some of a musical prophet. It is not enough he should explore a vein of his own, the eighteenth century, that he should intent to be a stylist. Nor is it enough that should echo the dictum of Jean-Jacques Rousseau: 'I may not be better but I am at different'. The greedy demand is that he be different from himself, or we shall see through his tricks, place (according to fashion) a period value on him and relegate to the musicologists.

The significance of this phenomenon is, of e, that we are secretly hankering after a oser who will satisfy wholly and completely musical consciousness of our time. We are rering after a great composer. But not all osers can be great; it is childish to think they can. And it is regrettable that as a of this outlook the creative instinct in c, on some of the lower levels, has been red either into freakishness or popularisa-

The evolution of Arthur Honegger shows a ed and original composer caught in this dilemma—caught, but somehow driven to his soul as a result of this dilemma. It was the composer of 'Pacific 231' that Honegger came into prominence. There was music enough in its day—an onomatopoeic ayal by means of the modern orchestra of a y engine. It remains today one of his most al contributions: clever music, stark and

deliberately unsubtle, even garish, but rably affective like a huge poster. It is dated, y, and musicians may be no more interested ening to it than literary people would now think of reading the realistic novels of Zola hich it is in a sense a counterpart). Never- s a generation ago it was a significant ty. In 'Pacific 231' (the title refers to a of locomotive) Honegger became himself, came the oratorio 'Le Roi David', another of descriptive, poster-like appeal on an even scale with great shouting choruses, many resque effects, a work of Berliozian propor- but without Berlioz' sense of drama or ology. The first performance in Paris in the ties was a triumph comparable to the ph a decade later in London of Walton's hazzar's Feast'. The symphonic work 'followed and the ballet 'The Skating Fashion discovered in Arthur Honegger type of composer—the composer who was

able to reflect a passing vogue for *le sport*. And Honegger looked the part. There he was with his great broad shoulders, in his leather coat, driving about in a racing car: he was the athlete of composers, the popular composer of the day, 'Le Roi Arthur'.

The subsequent career of Honegger shows him to have been not flattered by success but pain- fully aware of its dangers. 'Nothing fails like success', declared Jean Cocteau, and Honegger set his mind to discover the truth behind this paradoxical quip. He wrote chamber music (three quartets), five symphonies, and an im- posing list of oratorios and operas. A rough-hewn and an abundant inspiration for music remained with him, and with Milhaud and Hindemith he has become one of the most prolific composers of our time. But he has had to fight hard against the excesses of his youth. They were after all freakish excesses in which, for a few brief years, he threw overboard the whole system of tonality without a thought for an alternative system to replace it. Other forward-looking composers of this period who were anxious to enlarge their powers of expression discovered, first by instinct and then intellectually, the techniques of modal harmony, bitonality, polytonality and the twelve-note system. These were logical techniques valid for the artistic ideals of the composers with whom they are associated, and they have a validity still—indeed they have had a wide and beneficent influence.

One cannot say as much of the technique of Honegger. It is very largely a haphazard technique which, with his thorough grounding, he is able to hammer out in an improvisatory fashion, as the mood takes him. One can guess, however, that what has long been worrying him is how to rediscover an aesthetic and technical equilibrium; and to some extent he has. The fifth and last of his symphonies, a sombre and simple work, bearing the enigmatic title 'Di tre re' ('Symphony of the Three Ds'), so-called because each movement concludes not with an ecstatic *crescendo* but with soft drum tap in the key of D) reveals that at last the composer has become reconciled to himself and, on the technical plane, to at any rate a semblance of tonality.

The same tendency towards simplification is apparent in the choral works where Honegger often unleashes quite impressive orgies of sound. He has undoubtedly a dramatic talent of a raw kind, and it is only natural that he should have found in biblical, classical, and historical subjects a framework for those massive effects with which

he first made his reputation. But his lyrical inspiration and his power of psychological characterisation in music are weaker than his descriptive gifts. However, we do find in his oratorio, 'Judith', perhaps the finest of his choral works, some beautiful two-part writing highly expressive of the Jewish women's lamentations, many pages of moving dramatic simplicity, and also a most convincing musical portrayal of Judith herself. Here Honegger was obviously inspired by Debussy's 'Le Martyre de Saint-Sébastien', the influence of which persists throughout his choral works. 'Antigone' is less successful psychologically than 'Judith', partly because of the libretto, adapted from Sophocles by Jean Cocteau in such a way as to blur some of the finer points of the drama, and also because Honegger set out to experiment with a new type of musical prosody. (He believed, against much opposition, in emphasising the tonic accents in the French language, as in English.) The result is that 'Antigone' lacks the warmth and humanity of 'Judith', though the good parts—the choral invocation to Dionysus, for instance—are, in their flamboyant, dramatic style, very good. But here again Honegger is inclined to spend himself too easily and too quickly. 'Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher' is full of pseudo-dramatic effects in a style calculated to make a popular appeal; and the same is true of 'La Danse des Morts'. It was only later, in the oratorio on the life of Nicolas de Flue, the early saint and patriot of the composer's native Switzerland, that Honegger was able to find that root simplicity characteristic of his Fifth Symphony.

The career of Honegger thus shows him to have been frequently at cross-purposes with himself—and almost inevitably. When he has abandoned himself to orgies of rhythm and indulged in his flair for drama and colour he has seen the limitations of such music clearly enough. As we have seen, he has been sufficiently sincere to confess as much in his later works. But there is too much music in Honegger to be bottled up in the hope of one day realising his ideals. In the meantime, therefore, he has not unnaturally been drawn to the films, for which he has often written outstandingly appropriate scores—appropriate, useful, but ephemeral. There it is—there is Honegger's dilemma and his tragedy: he has found himself writing music not so much to be heard as to be overheard. That is the fate of music's popularisation—an ironic commentary indeed on the work of a composer who is still seeking a world of his own.



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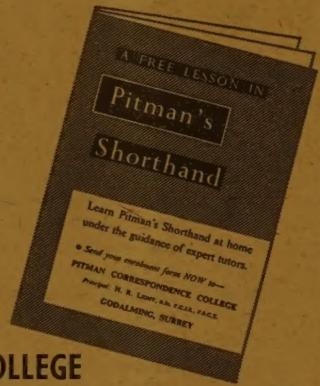
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 1 lemon
 7½ pints of water
 5½ lb. of sugar

the fruit in cold water, drain, dry
 roughly, then cut in two, scooping out the
 which you tie in a muslin bag. Slice and
 the fruit, finely or not, according to taste
 of us prefer it rather chunky. You
 slice the fruit on a board which will not
 the precious juices to escape. My own is
 so useful and a great saver of ingredients
 of time. Put all this in your preserving
 with the bag of pips and the water. Cover
 a cloth and stand overnight. Next morning,
 to the boil and throw away the bag after
 zing in all the goodness from the pips.
 simmer slowly until the rinds are really
 —about one hour. Add the sugar, stirring
 dissolve it thoroughly, when you increase the
 and boil fairly fast till set. You probably
 how to test it: have a saucer of really
 water and drop in a small blob of the
 are. If it gathers together at once—'sticks
 self', we could say—it should be right,
 without water, if we spread a little on
 old plate and it sets after about fifteen
 tes. In either case it is ready to pot and
 at once.

a variation on the basic recipe, try a blend
 oranges—half sweet, half Seville—grapefruit,
 lemons, in equal proportions. Wash, dry,

and cut the fruit in two, removing the pips to
 be tied in a muslin bag. Put all in the preserving
 pan and just cover with cold water.
 Boil until the rinds are really tender when
 prodded. Cool and leave overnight, covered with
 a cloth. In the morning, remove the fruit, chop
 and measure it—the pips, of course, can now be
 thrown away. Put the chopped, cooked fruit
 back in the pan to simmer while you weigh
 the sugar, allowing one pound to each pint of
 fruit pulp. Stir till it is dissolved. Let it boil
 to setting point, remove it, put in the pots and
 cover when cool.

ROBIN ADAIR

baking tin with suet crust, very thinly, and
 arrange on it a thick layer of washed and
 roughly chopped young rhubarb, sprinkling it
 with lemon juice and as much sugar as you
 think fit. Cover this with another layer of very
 thin suet crust, and—this is the secret—spread
 the top with golden syrup and sprinkle this with
 brown sugar.

AMBROSE HEATH

Notes on Contributors

GEORGE BOLSOVER (page 271): Director of the School of Slavonic and East European Studies, London University

J. H. HUIZINGA (page 273): roving correspondent of *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant*
 MAXWELL FRY, F.R.I.B.A. (page 281): architect and town planner; author of *Fine Building*, etc.

MARTIN WIGHT (page 283): Reader in International Relations, University of London; author of *The Development of the Legislative Council, 1606-1945*, etc.

KENNETH JACKSON (page 285): Professor of Celtic Languages, Literatures, History and Antiquities, Edinburgh University since 1950; author of *Language and History in Early Britain*, *Studies in Early Celtic Nature Poetry*, etc.

DAVID BLELLOCH (page 287): an official of the International Labour Organisation from 1921-1950; since then, has served on various Technical Assistance Missions to Latin-American countries for the United Nations

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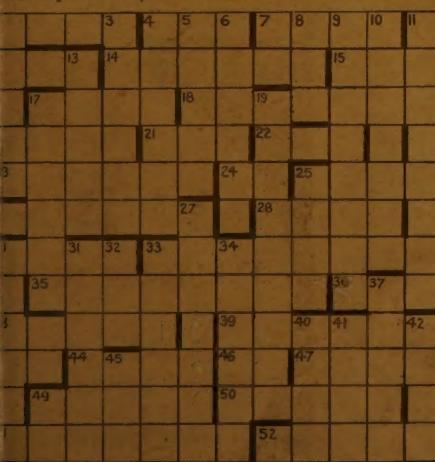
Crossword No. 1,294.

Exit Lines. By Adam

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puzzle, which might be subtitled 'Six
 cters in Search of an Author' is based on
 al words of familiar characters which are
 in the diagram. The twenty-three unclued
 (excluding 7D.) can be rearranged to form
 lines and to identify the characters. 26D. is
 words. All lights (except proper names) and
 letter groups, are words in Chambers's (New
 century edition).



CLUES—ACROSS

- Expresses in pursuit (3)
- Fibre matting is half a perambulator (4)
- Flicker weir (6)
- 'By Tring and Lilley— As a free man . . .' (3)
- Cashew-nut plant fringes a mould-genus (4)
- Salicet at high pitch meant little to 27 (7)
- Lowest returned part-score (3)
- Covering in covering (3)
- Fabricate a heartless shepherd (4)
- Hen-coop, not I, produces 'The Hollow' (4)
- Limp to call attention to the surgeon (5)
- Who coax flatteringly? Disordered Franciscan nuns about an old form of joy! (8)
- Bandleader with a flower-genus (3)
- Shrub with a Spanish town painted in Italy (5)
- Conform to the content of white paint (3)
- 'Let the —— go by me' (4)
- Massive and might be a symbol (5)
- Mitigate between 500 and 630 when fishy (5)
- Former official to rebut in return (5)

DOWN

- White streak down the face in a Dickensian family (5)
- Come to nothing from a drum (5)
- F.P.'s with a desecrated poem (6)
- Drive forward a broken scythe-handle (6)
- Turkish coin could be frugal (5)
- Row a Columnist with a poetic region (6)
- Semi-secret discharge (3)
- An iceberg (relatively speaking) with no start would return a scent bottle (4)
- Statesman could be made to sprinkle up North (7)

- Spirited half self-introduction by Gilbertian Lord (6)
- Egg, with rasher cut off from under the saddle (6)
- Imposition with a fabulous bird (3)
- Royal present, equatorially worn, gets a barrel on tick (6)
- Dark-complexioned person, who, with his element, is a Cinclus (5)
- Cheerful appearance of a good boy (4)
- Condition is not, as Spenser put it, in shorter form (4)
- Side petal, essential ingredient of vegetarian diet (3)

Solution of No. 1,292

PH	AL	AR	OPE	SWAN
MER	LIN	P	EACOCK	
ORIO	LEED	RAKE	I	
CRANE	WREN	TERN		
KITE	TEAL	STORK		
KNOT	URILE	COOT		
EGRET	GARGANEY			
CONDOR	WAGTAIL			
KESTREL	TR	ROGON		
MGOOSE	PLOVER			
AGAMIDOTTEREL				
RYPESHIELDRAKE				

Prizewinners: 1st prize: Mrs. C. V. Jones (Liverpool, 17); 2nd prize: J. A. Fincken (London, N.11); 3rd prize: G. W. Bain (Bath)

CROSSWORD RULES.—(1) Clues are not normally given for words of two letters. There are no capricious traps. Each competitor is allowed to submit only one solution, but legitimate alternatives are accepted. (2) Collaborators may send in only a single joint solution. (3) Subject to the above rules the senders of the first three correct solutions opened are awarded a book token of the values specified. (4) In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

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